THE COMMONWEAL

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A DISTURBING PROBLEM

THE general attitude of philosophy towards religion is at present respectful—indeed, rather patronizing. There may be still an occasional growl from the back benches that religion is an aberration of thought dishonoring to human intelligence and opposed to human progress, but such notions are now labeled as obsolete, and they are not allowed to take the floor. The present set of opinion is largely an achievement of evolutionary ideas. The style of Voltaire has gone out; the style of Herbert Spencer has come in. Religion considered as a product of evolution is admitted to possess genuine social value. The new view does not imply any more respect for religion's own account of its claims than the old view, but it has put matters in a new light by announcing discoveries of merit in religion of which neither friend nor foe were formerly aware. That was the great message of Spencer's Ecclesiastical Institutions, whose direct effect was probably felt only in the cloisters of formal science, but its ideas were drawn out and put before the reading public in fascinating literary form by William James, in his influential treatise on The Varieties of Religious Experience. The thought of cultivated minds on religious matters has been deeply affected by James's influence, and it has undoubtedly been an influence that has tended to lift and expand opinions held about religion.

But this attitude of philosophy raises what may be described in its own phraseology as a disturbing epistemological problem. The thesis which Spencer expounded at great length, with copious illustrations, is that religion is the germ from which all great institutions have evolved—not only ecclesiastical institutions, but also legal, professional, scientific and aesthetic institutions. And yet he held that despite its vast fruitfulness religion originated in the illusion that there is personality in nature correspondent to human personality, which as a matter of fact is but a by-product of biological physics, of no more significance than any other casual manifestation of energy and as transient as other phenomena.

This statement of the case enabled him to include religion in the cosmic scheme he described in his First Principles, but it landed him in a dilemma which never ceased to trouble him. For if religion has the value which he concedes and yet is the product of an illusion, it follows that illusion is better than reality, falsehood better than truth. His Autobiography gives plenty of evidence that he writhed on the horns of that dilemma, but he never saw any way of escape, and the situation embittered his old age. He declared—

"A cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent of every society which has made any progress, and this has led to the conclusion that the control exercised over men's conduct by theological beliefs and priestly agency has been indispensable." Why this should be so was an inscrutable mystery. He despairingly remarked—

"And along with this rises the paralyzing thought, what if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no comprehension anywhere? No wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma."

As a matter of sheer logic it is plain that if it be assumed that instead of resting on an illusion, religion is based on reality and is essentially true, then all discord between premises and conclusions is removed, and

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the grand results which Spencer attributed to religion appear to be properly correspondent to its nature. But Spencer found such intellectual difficulties in the way of that assumption, that he was unable to accept it. His case is typical of the school of thought which accepts the title of Agnosticism. For one thing, that assumption implies the truth of Theism, which in his First Principles, Spencer examined and rejected on theoretical grounds. Moreover, the practical consideration may be urged that the argument proves too much. It may be said that religion exhibits itself historically in a bewildering variety of forms, antagonistic in their claims and requirements, and hence they cannot all be true. In view then of actual circumstances the proposition that religion is true is discredited by the weight of testimony that its forms are false. Here we arrive at a situation which demands careful examination, for the world of thought is strewn with wrecks upon that particular bar to religious faith.

The mere fact of variety of form is not specially perplexing since it is evident that just such a situation appears both in science and in art. It will be admitted that they achieve truth and beauty, although historically their course lies through a welter of failure and aberration, and their canons have been formed through processes which have gathered from imperfection what has real worth, rejecting and proscribing what has not. It may be said that the analogy does not extend to religion; but is it so? It is worth considering whether that may not be a false impression derived from the aspect in which Christian religion has been presented by Protestantism.

Those who have the Protestant background of thought have been trained to think of revelation as confined to the Bible, and of redemption solely as an event occurring at a comparatively recent period in the world's long history. In the only logical formulation which Protestant theology has achieved, the atonement was conceived as a transaction not only unique in its nature but also as immediately complete in its effect, and so limited in its purpose as to make every one's destiny a closed account. Apart from the elect, who are awarded the benefits of the transaction by divine favor, all mankind are reprobate and incapable of virtue. The Anglican Articles of Religion bluntly say of good works, "done before the grace of Christ," that "we doubt not but that they have the nature of sin." This doctrine laid a common doom on all pagan antiquity, on the best as on the worst. Such was the scheme of Calvinism, which was well contrived to effect its purpose—the overthrow of spiritual authority. There was no place in that system for sacraments involving priestly agency, and no need for availing one's self of such means of grace. The function of the church was merely to provide for Christian fellowship. But Calvinism has died out even in the denominations which it founded, not so much through exposure of logical defect as because of its unpalatable character. Hence its downfall has resulted in no positive gain to Protestant theology. It has simply had the effect of making repulsive the very idea of dogmatic religion.

It is obvious that so narrow and provincial a scheme as Calvinism, and also any set of ideas shaped by its influence, cannot accommodate such broad views of religious value as those which Spencer expounded. But the case is quite different with Catholicism. It does not view the Bible as a complete record of God's dealings with mankind, but as an inspired selection made by the Church from a great body of literature of various periods, stretching back into remote antiquity. It does not hold that all revelation is bound up in the Bible. For instance, Cardinal Newman remarks—

"There are various revelations all over the earth which do not carry with them the evidence of their divinity. Such are the inward suggestions and secret illuminations granted to so many individuals; such are the traditionary doctrines which are found among the heathen, that vague and unconnected family of religious truths, originally from God, but sojourning, without the sanction of miracle or a definite home, as pilgrims up and down the world, and discernible and separable from the corrupt legends with which they are mixed, by the spiritual mind alone."

Catholicism views the atonement as the culmination of a process as well as a particular event, and sets no limit to its benefits. Dante found pagan worthies among the redeemed in Paradise, and he remarked—

> . . . Of those
> Who call "Christ, Christ," there shall be many found
> In judgment, further off from Him by far,
> That such to whom His name was never known."

Such views imply that the world has never been wholly destitute of means of communication between human nature and divine nature. Anyone who will consult the article on Paganism in the Catholic Encyclopedia will be impressed by the candor and generosity of its acknowledgments of value in the contributions of Paganism to religious truth, which has attained its final system in Christianity—a system that collects everything of permanent value in all the varieties of religious experience the world has known.

It follows that the modern study of comparative religion is attended by no inconvenience for Catholicism. It was, in fact, initiated by a Catholic scholar, Friedrich von Schlegel, and it is now engaging the efforts of so many Catholic scholars that from time to time they hold a congress. It is a field of research which supplies support for the claims of Christianity, if one can accept the possibility of supernatural revelation. As Newman put the case, if there is such a thing as revelation, the Catholic Church is its organ, and he who sincerely accepts Theism has gone three-fourths of the way to the Catholic Church.

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE the pictorial and dramatic features of the ceremonies attending the opening of the "Holy Door," and the inauguration of the Jubilee in Rome have been given wide and detailed publicity in the newspapers, it is what the Pope had to say concerning Bolshevism that has gone deeper than the news columns, and found record and comment upon many editorial pages. Purely religious matters, unless accompanied by pageantry, or picturesque pomp and circumstance, rarely attract newspaper attention, no matter how real their intrinsic importance may be. But when religion connects its utterances or its functions with the affairs of the "world," the organs of the world become sensitive, and take cognizance of such events. Ordinarily, religious influence upon the world, being a mystical matter, but for that very reason a most vital thing, is ignored. But the menace of Bolshevism to the order and prosperity and liberty of the world is far too apparent to thoughtful men, to permit what the head of the world-wide Catholic Church has to say on the subject to pass without notice. The Pope's denunciation was unqualified, though calm and measured. Its effect throughout Christendom will be profound. In aiding its circulation by printing it, and reinforcing its warning by editorial endorsements, the secular press proves how effective it may be when it lends its vast power to the promulgation of spiritual messages.

WE think we should reproduce in The Commonweal the gist of the Pope's remarks. They were occasioned by the return from Russia of the Pontifical Relief Mission. The fact that the mission was obliged to abandon the field of its labors, he said, was a source of the keenest grief to him, especially after the splendid way in which it had carried out its burdensome and difficult duties. Nevertheless, the Vatican would continue to relieve needy Russians as far as possible, both in Russia and elsewhere, but "nobody certainly can have thought that by our efforts on behalf of the Russian people we intended in any way to lend our support to a system of government which we are so far from approving. . . . After having tried for such a long time with all our might and all our heart to relieve the sufferings of the Russian people, we feel it our duty, imposed on us by the universal paternal mission which God has entrusted to us, to warn and most earnestly to exhort all men, and especially all heads of governments, in the name of our Redeemer, that all those who love peace and the public welfare and all those who believe in the sanctity of the family and in human dignity may unite to avert from themselves and their fellows the grave dangers and inevitable injuries of socialism and communism." After remarking that this must not check efforts to improve the conditions of the working classes and of all humble people generally, he ended—"We ceaselessly pray Almighty God, ruler of the world and savior of all peoples, to bring this about, and we must solicitously call upon all the faithful throughout the world to pray with us to the same effect during this holy jubilee year."

IN the December number of The World's Work, Mr. Ernest Greenwood strikes a despondent note on the quality of the tuition that is being administered in the "Little Red School Houses," rightly considered as props of our social system, and the New York Times features his jeremiad. Fifty-four percent of country teachers, Mr. Greenwood estimates, do not possess "the minimum qualification of a normal school graduation," and a large percentage should still be at their desks finishing a course that stopped short at the High School. To emphasize the amazingly low educational content of those who will tomorrow be imparting knowledge, a number of answers are given culled from papers in a recent test at a Wisconsin Normal establishment. Fiume is "a mountain in Japan," Herrin "a title used in Germany," tariff, "a city in France," Steinmetz, "a kind of piano"—and so forth.

WHAT impresses most, however, when this bouquet of "howlers" is analyzed, is not so much the lack as the inaccuracy of knowledge displayed. To confuse Fiume with Fuji-Yama, for instance, argues some acquaintance with topography, which, unfortunately did not extend from Japan to the late Austrian littoral. The title "herren" has entered someone's consciousness, to fall, it is true into the wrong receptacle, while, in his or her definition of tariff, one hapless student

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actually skirted an obscure derivative. For Tarifa, while not a city in France, *is* a port opposite Spain, and the toll once levied by it upon passing vessels gives us the word inseparably associated with Dingley and McKinley. The trouble with the world, Josh Billings has told us, is not its ignorance but its knowledge of things that "ain't so." The phrase might be extended to include things that are "not quite so." When one finds a writer of the tonnage and calibre of Mr. E. V. Lucas, confusing the Virgin Birth with the Immaculate Conception in an article on hagiography, one is tempted to feel indulgent toward the errors of budding educators in the Wheat Belt.

ANOTHER "viewer with alarm" of the past week was the editor of "the official organ of Presbyterianism." (The New York Sun, which quotes him, suppresses his name. This timidity is characteristic of the New York press where religious matters are at stake). The clerical executive is oppressed by "the growing tendency to forget the fact that the church is a spiritual body" and the "determined effort" to secularize it. Some of the examples of flagrant bad taste quoted are so extreme that they seem to belong to the realm of fantasy. "The Unpardonable Sin—Stealing Another Man's Wife." "How to Wash Without Soap." "Be a Sport—Come to Church!" "Gum Given Away Free!" The last, to be quite fair, is given as "a report" and one hopes, for the credit of a church that has produced many eminent scholars and divines, that the Presbyterian body is not here referred to.

THE tendency which brings forth this belated protest is so notorious, however, that individual transgressions hardly matter. Two years ago Dr. Leighton Parks, pleading for Protestant reunion in The Crisis in the Churches deplored it. "I regret to say," the rector of St. Bartholomew's confessed, "that the chief burden of the sermons to which I have listened has been the evils of intemperance or the use of tobacco . . . a meagre fare for the hungry sheep." The tendency is not peculiar to America. Each case, no doubt, could be paralleled by another in British "nonconformist circles."

THE necessity for reputable advertising interests to keep a sharp eye upon unscrupulous individuals and organizations who make use of untruthful or misleading statements in advertising whatever they may wish the public to patronize, is illustrated by the action which the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World found it necessary to take recently in connection with the methods employed by those promoting the so-called "Soloists" of the Sistine Choir. Advertisements were issued announcing that a part of the Sistine Choir from the Vatican, Rome, had remained in America after the return of the main part of the choir to Italy and might be heard in motion picture theatres and dance halls at bargain prices. It was also announced that "the eight celebrated soloists of the Sistine Choir planned a grand tour for a limited season." The promoters went so far as to say that the remarkable success of the Sistine Choir was "achieved through the splendid art of these eight celebrated soloists to whose work the world's foremost critics paid unbounded homage;" a phrase which suggests that some former circus press-agent might have had a hand in the writing of these advertisements. Another of this unknown artist's sentences was—"a spectacular songfest direct from the Sistine Chapel" was to be "presented."

THE Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs, investigating the whole matter, discovered that these eight celebrated soloists had never sung in the Sistine Chapel, probably had never even seen the place. According to Monsignor Rella, Vice Director of the Sistine Chapel, these singers were used to reinforce the real Sistine Choir on its tour in America. They were in fact singers who had appeared in the moving picture houses of Australia and New Zealand. This particular instance of unscrupulous exaggeration while not typical of American advertising today, is, however, still far too prevalent, and the efforts of the reputable advertising organizations to expose and thereby destroy the bunkum still too freely used is highly to be commended. In the meantime it might be well for those who remember with pleasure the magnificent singing of the Sistine Choirs, and who know how highly their work was praised by competent critics, to reinforce the efforts of the Associated Advertising Clubs by refusing to patronize places where these imposters may appear.

WE had occasion in a recent issue of The Commonweal to comment upon an extraordinary example of the ignorance displayed by certain writers whose work oftentimes appears in the best magazines when such writers have occasion to allude to the doctrines or the practices of the Catholic Church. The case in point was the travesty of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception penned by Mr. E. V. Lucas in an article on Murillo, published by the Ladies' Home Journal in December. The Commonweal was glad to be able to state, however, that evidently Mr. Lucas was quite without conscious intention to give offense. It seemed unquestionably an instance of unadulterated ignorance, deplorable enough to be sure, but hardly sufficient to arouse resentment. We can hardly speak in the same terms concerning what Miss Katherine Mayo has written in an article published in the New York Evening Post on Friday, December 26. The article in

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question is numbered twenty-six in a series dealing with conditions in the Philippine Islands.

IN this particular article Miss Mayo deals with what she declares to be, "the utterly deplorable moral conditions existing among the Filipinos." Quoting "a most devoted women's physician, now well on in the second decade of continuous medical and surgical service in the Islands," whose name Miss Mayo declines to give because she fears that to do so "would be to end abruptly a career of the utmost usefulness," Miss Mayo writes as follows, giving the words though not the name of her informant—"We cannot build on a foundation of degradation and filth. We have done a costly wrong, both to ourselves and to the Filipino people, in telling them always of how fine they are—in proclaiming always their remarkable advance in so short a period as a quarter century—in uniting in a conspiracy of silence covering their faults. Making all allowances for natural differences in the nature of races, there are things that we cannot condone if we accept any commitment from our own Christianity. One of these is a moral treatment of children." Miss Mayo also states that the facts on this general subject, namely, the immoral conditions prevailing among the Filipinos "are scarcely printable in any book for general readers."

SO far, Miss Mayo may be right or wrong, or her unnamed informant may be right or wrong. It is a question of the facts in the case, and nothing else, so far as The Commonweal is concerned. But these most serious even if anonymous charges are based upon a statement the implications of which are so offensive, at least to all orthodox Christians, that we hesitate even to quote them, and can only wonder how any reputable journal can have given its space to the dissemination of such vile insinuations. What Miss Mayo has to say is as follows—

"WHEN the Queen of Heaven, according to official count, has three synchronous spouses, one of whom is her own son, why should the spirit of mortal be proud to assume a stricter virtue? The churches deplore moral breaches, but little extra loss of credit appears to follow the most flagrant of these. Or if notice be taken of them it is rather for political convenience." A footnote gives as authority for this extraordinary statement—"Novena de Santo Domingo de Guzman, Manila, 1913." That a mere novena, or in other words, the prayers to Saint Dominic during the nine days usually allotted to the performance of a "novena," should alone be given as constituting the authority of the Catholic Church, on such a grave matter, displays either an even profounder ignorance of the Catholic Church and its doctrines on Miss Mayo's part even than that shown by Mr. Lucas, or else something much more condemnable than ignorance. The attempt which the writer makes to attribute to the influence of the Catholic Church, even to its official teaching, the deplorable moral conditions which she finds to prevail among the common people is unmistakable. But if she has no better evidence to produce than this utterly nonsensical statement, it is not likely that her opinions will have any weight. If her long and elaborate articles are based upon no better foundation than this, the New York Evening Post is wasting a great deal of its space, and any people who are following Miss Mayo's articles are simply wasting their time.

IT is of course well known, upon much better authority than that of Miss Mayo, that in many portions of the Philippines the religious and moral level of the people leaves a great deal to be desired. The Reverend T. A. Murphy, of Cebu, a well-known missionary and writer upon missionary work, in a recent booklet published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland declared that "a spiritual tragedy" was taking place in the Philippines through the dearth of religious workers in the only Christian nation of the East. Father Murphy states that the vast majority of the 9,350,240 Christians in the Philippine Islands are Catholics. He cited an American General Superintendent of Education and a Government Commissioner who reported that the Filipinos loved the Catholic Church and that it is best suited for the Islands. Owing to the lack of funds, however, some dioceses in the Philippines have twenty or more parishes without a priest. In some parishes Communion once a year is virtually impossible for large numbers.

A RECENT editorial issued by the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council calls attention to these facts, and very properly declares that it is not only a religious but a patriotic duty for American Catholics to aid the missions in the Philippines. The Catholic missionaries in those islands, by contending with the deplorable conditions that admittedly exist in many quarters, and helping to raise the people to a higher level, aid in the upbuilding of American civilization, and therefore these missionaries have a just claim upon American support.

BUT, however clearly, American Catholics recognize that they have a duty to support the work of American missionaries to a people who by long tradition and by present disposition are essentially a Catholic nation, and however clearly they may recognize all the facts that have to do with the present situation of the Filipinos, they can feel nothing but a just indignation that immoral conditions in the Philippines, no matter whether these conditions be so bad as Miss Mayo alleges or not, should be insidiously yet unmistakably connected with the doctrines of Catholicism, particularly when such an unspeakable travesty of those doctrines is presented as the instance we have quoted above.

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WORLD PROBLEMS OF 1925

WHAT great events and momentous crises are to come in 1925 other than those already arranged for or partially predictable because their causes are clearly apparent, can only be known as the next great act of humanity's age-old drama proceeds. As that venerable, ill-used, yet very useful reporter's phrase puts the matter, "mystery surrounds" it. We can only guess, and our guesses may be far from the truth. Some light, however, may be thrown ahead upon our path in 1925 by naming a few of the chief events we know will occur, or the conditions which really exist, however little we may know as to their issues and results.

Sometime in January or February there will be a meeting of the Finance Ministers of the allied nations of Europe. This meeting will focus attention upon the necessity for at least improving the terribly tangled economic conditions of Europe. So complex are these conditions that to talk of their solution is to pass from the arena of realities in pursuit of the ideal. But progress toward the ideal is always possible, and that this progress will be aided by the new conference is scarcely to be doubted. Upon the economic rehabilitation of Europe depends the restoration of civilized life throughout the world. America's connection with this most vital of all our material world problems is of primary importance. To America all European countries are heavily in debt. Their indebtedness to each other is entangled with their indebtedness to us. World settlements will be aided or retarded largely by the policies initiated by the United States. In this fact there is hope. Less harassed by the pressure of economic problems than other nations, less menaced by war dangers, richer and stronger, and historically and psychologically identified with unselfish motives of national action, the United States surely may be relied upon to set an example of just and generous dealings in her business relations with Europe that will certainly be beneficial.

Closely bound up with the economic problems of the world are three other major questions. First, reduction of armaments. Second, the increasing friction and strain between the western nations and the peoples of Africa and Asia. Third, the constant menace of Russian Bolshevism.

Some time this year the great nations of Europe, and the United States, will hold the second disarmament conference. Whether this conference will be under the auspices of the United States, or the League of Nations, is not as yet determined. Although far from being wholly satisfactory, the first disarmament conference of Washington two years ago did mark a forward step in the direction of the limitation of the burdens of armament. The Geneva protocol seems far less successful, but anyhow it increased the public desire for decisive and practical steps against the ever-present menace of another great war. The conference of 1925 should go much farther than the Washington meeting did toward common agreements among all the great powers. A step preliminary to this hoped-for result will be the international conference in May under the auspices of the League of Nations to attempt the drafting of a convention controlling the international traffic in arms and munitions. Directly connected with this great question also are the relations of the powers controlling the Mediterranean, and a conference among these powers, to be called by France, Italy or England, will discuss the problems affecting their interests—and indirectly yet most vitally affecting world interests as well.

The fate of all these conferences is, however, involved with vexed and ominous local conditions among many of the European nations. Unless the Marx government in Germany succeeds in controlling legislation in the new Reichstag, there will be a new election in that country. In Italy, Mussolini's government may be overturned by an appeal to the voters. Herriot's leadership in France seems on the brink of being discarded. These conditions may delay or even postpone the great conferences.

Meanwhile, the growing tension in Africa, affecting France, Spain, and Italy in the North, and England in Egypt (with England also in trouble in India) and the fermentation through all of Asia, enormously complicates the situation. And always there is the menace of Russian Bolshevism. In many political situations in Asia and the near East, as well as in several of the capitals of Europe, Bolshevism is zealously at work. The poison of its most evil spirit is insidiously at work elsewhere, even when no exterior signs of its influence are visible.

This catalogue of problems might be indefinitely extended. Each instance given might seem more and more to darken the picture presented of the world situation, and of the plight of humanity. But it is in no spirit of pessimism that the picture is drawn, nor should it be studied in that spirit. Progress has been made toward reconstruction. Settlements of the most pressing problems can be achieved. The will to have peace instead of war, and harmony of interests in place of selfish rivalries, is awake in the world. Christians at least should remember that 1925 is Holy Year. There should be practical work on the part of all men and women of good will to make 1925 live up to its spiritual title. "Open unto us the gates of justice," was the prayer of the Pope, inaugurating the jubilee ceremonies. It was a symbol, a sacramental act, which can be realized in action. Public opinion is one of the great forces that can make that realization possible. Let public opinion make its demand for peace and justice and charity unmistakable in the ears of political and economic leaders.

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OBLIGATIONS TO AMERICA

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

II. Civic Duties of Catholics

IT is good Christian doctrine that every human relationship involves mutual obligations. In the family relationship a husband is under certain obligations to wife, and wife to husband, children to parents and parents to children. And so it is in the citizen's relations to his country. If it is true, as I maintain, that America is a daughter of the Catholic Church, then it follows by analogy that America has definite obligations to the Church and that professing Catholics have reciprocal obligations to America. Concerning the former set of obligations, those of America to the Church, I shall here say nothing beyond the parenthetical remark that some Catholic Americans seem to be too much concerned with proclaiming and defending their "rights," in other words with over-emphasizing what America owes them. It is with such persons in mind that I shall stress the other side of the relationship—our obligations to America.

These obligations are so manifold and far-reaching that I can do little in the space allotted me save to catalogue a few of the most vital and compelling. First, let me emphasize the obligation of Catholic Americans to continue and develop the civilizing influence of Catholicism in American life. It is a sad and regretful conclusion to which study and observation have impelled me that in spite of marvelous development of natural resources and material comforts and rapidly augmenting expenditure on schools and institutions of learning, America, save in the domain of applied science and perhaps in that of architecture, is not so advanced in the arts and sciences—in the elements of civilization and culture—as are the Catholic countries of Europe.

We as a nation display indifference if not contempt toward beautiful art and are oblivious equally to its presence or to its absence both in our cities and in the great open spaces of our prairies and plantations. Moreover, we have almost a national repugnance to close thinking, solid reading, and intellectual conversation; we dread to fill the great open spaces of our minds. Than Catholic Americans no others should be contributing more to the needful advance of culture and civilization in the United States, yet if they are to make the contribution that their heritage and tradition require, they must recognize and meet the special obligation of being intelligent and well-informed themselves and of furnishing to the nation more than their numerical quota of first-rate artists, scientists, and critics. They must raise the standards of Catholic schools and coöperate with their fellow-Americans in raising the standards of the public schools. They must patronize and seek to enlarge the scope and improve the quality of worth-while publications and learned societies. They must better their Catholic colleges and universities and work with, rather than against, the efforts of non-denominational universities to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. They must encourage more and more of their gifted young people not to become mere second-rate businessmen or third-rate journalists, but to press on to high places in all the professions, even in the professions of the highest scholarship and the highest art.

I have put first the Catholic obligation to American culture and civilization because, though basic, it is frequently overlooked and almost always minimized. The obligation, about which I shall speak next—the obligation to be good and loyal citizens—is never unheeded by Catholic Americans, at least as far as its supreme test is concerned. Not only has every Catholic bishop in this country at all times, without any exception whatsoever, inculcated in his flock unswerving loyalty to the government and Constitution of the United States, but lay Catholics have borne their full share of manful service in armed defense of this country and have paid their full toll of life in its battles. Nevertheless the general obligation of good citizenship involves a very large number of special obligations, which, though perhaps falling short of the supreme test, are none the less exacting in the normal and, let us hope, protracted periods of peace, and which therefore merit attention.

Catholic Americans should take a conscientious and enlightened part in the operation of our political democracy. They should exert their influence individually to further the nomination and election of the most capable and principled persons to public office, in city, county, state, and nation. The exercise of the suffrage is a solemn duty. He who wilfully absents himself from the voting-booth is in a class with the deserter from the army, and he who fails to inform himself about candidates and issues belongs with the mutinous soldier. The welfare of the whole community should be the aim of Catholic Americans, and they should be particularly on their guard against using political machinery for purely group designs, and against preferring for public office a candidate whose sole distinction lies in external profession of the Catholic faith. It is a grievous abuse of religion to have it confused in the popular mind with any sub-national partisan clique, whether it be German-American, Polish-American, or Irish-American. They who resent the current un-American attempts to make public office safe only for white, Gentile Protestants should keep themselves spotlessly innocent of any counter-offense. They do not, I am sure, and they

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should not discriminate in the political life of this nation among Catholics, agnostics, Protestants, and Jews.

Obedience to law is another special obligation resting upon Catholic Americans. They say they are obedient to the laws of the land, and they probably are as obedient in practice as are any of their fellow-countrymen. But it has frequently been pointed out that Americans are notoriously given to law-breaking, and I suspect that the ratio of Catholic law-breakers is about the same as the ratio of non-Catholic law-breakers. The offenses run all the way from violations of traffic, motor, park, sanitary, and game ordinances, through bootlegging, falsification of income-tax returns, and smuggling, to crimes of force and violence. A good deal of our unenviable reputation in this respect arises, I imagine, from another American tendency, recently much accelerated—the tendency for groups of well-meaning but fanatical moralists and busy-bodies to crystallize into propagandist societies which then proceed untiringly to harass our legislators until these latter, anxious to escape further responsibility and to find rest or else imagining that the voice of propaganda is the voice of the people and of God, give forth the desired law or ordinance. The biggest tragedy of the whole thing is that many a legislator votes for a measure which he knows cannot or will not be enforced. To a solution or amelioration of the general problem, Catholic Americans have principles which they should honestly and candidly apply alike as a religious and as a patriotic duty: they should favor the enactment of such laws as in their reasoned opinion will promote the general welfare and can fairly readily be enforced, and they should honorably oppose the enactment of others; they should obey all duly enacted laws, excepting only those which contravene the laws of God; and laws which they do not like they should endeavor by proper methods to have repealed.

Respect for individual liberty is an aspect of that true Americanism of which Catholic Americans can and should be the especially stout upholders. English-speaking Catholics no less than English-speaking Protestants came originally to these shores in order to exercise a liberty of worship denied them elsewhere, and throughout the history of the colonies and the nation, Catholics have always been in the forefront of the champions of freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, freedom of association, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press, and freedom of education. What they have demanded for themselves, they have ever been willing and should always be willing to accord to others.

Despite what is loosely alleged to the contrary by ill-informed non-Catholics or by professional anti-Catholics, separation of Church and state, in the American sense, is yet another time-honored policy to which Catholic Americans can and do give unqualified support. It is strictly in accordance with their history in this country and with their desires and needs. Nor can it be maintained that the Catholics who have come as immigrants to our country during the past century have tended to undermine the policy; on the contrary, the large majority of our Catholic immigrants during the period have come to us from Ireland or from parts of Germany where there was no union whatsoever of their church and their civil government and these very immigrants have been naturally inclined to understand and support, rather than to undermine, the separation of Church and state. On an important point they have been Americans, so to speak, before they arrived in America.

AUSTRIA TODAY

By FRIEDRICH FUNDER

BY appealing to the League of Nations convened at Geneva during the fall of 1922, the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, gained a two-fold victory. He convinced the assembled delegates that the autonomy of Austria was a political necessity for Europe as a whole, and he restored confidence in the ability of his country to rise, with the League's help, from abysmal misfortune. This victory led to the League loan, to secure which the Chancellor pledged himself to carry out a just and sensible savings and reform program. Every reasonable person in Austria had long realized that it was necessary to discontinue printing worthless paper money, to decrease the enormous army of government officials, to carry on the business of the state in a business-like way, and to promote greater industry and economy among the people. Of course it might have seemed surprising that the League considered two years a sufficient time in which to stabilize the Austrian budget, which had hitherto shown a monthly deficit of 40,000,000 kronen and which could rely upon an income only one-third as great as the necessary expenditures. But the conditions under which Austria received the League loan were moderate: Germany, though vastly richer and more secure, has to pay at a much higher rate for the advantages offered under the Dawes plan.

The situation of Austria now began to improve as if by magic. The krone, which had threatened to dwindle into utter nothingness, was stabilized at a ratio of 14,400 to its former specie value. Speculation in foreign exchange, which had already made Austrian currency practically useless in the conduct of trade,

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ceased; once more people dared to reckon in kronen and to deposit their savings; international confidence in Austrian industry was restored and foreign capital began to flow into the country; wages and prices recovered a certain fixity; and producers as well as merchants no longer feared that every business transaction might cause their ruin. Even Dr. Bauer, the leader of the Austrian Social Democrats, was driven to make the following concession, in the same breath with which he accused Dr. Seipel of "treason to his country" because of the Geneva pact—"If this program were to fail, we should have to deal with a deflation of the krone which would result in a sharp advance in prices and a consequent famine. That would bring upon us not merely a General Commission but also a foreign general and foreign troops!"

Other nations observed the sudden change in Austria's fortunes with astonishment. This little country, which had figured hitherto as a beggar nation and the pleas of which had been tabled with a gesture of impatience at the London Conference of August, 1922, was now suddenly most interesting. It aroused curiosity not only by reason of the novel experiment in national economy which it had begun to carry out, but also because of the personality of its governing statesman, who combined the qualities of a modest, monk-like priest with the gifts of a brilliant scholar and an imposing political leader. The respectful recognition accorded to Austria and its Chancellor by all the world restored the deeply humiliated national consciousness to a sense of its dignity.

This consciousness, however, has been rudely tried. From the beginning, Dr. Seipel has constantly striven to impress upon his people that the work to be done is not child's play and that painful economies and sacrifices are necessary. The difficulties to be surmounted are chiefly of two kinds, which take root in the economic and psychological riddance of the heritage left by years of money inflation. The Austrian stock-market had then become the Eldorado of wealth-seekers. During the period of currency depreciation enormous fortunes were piled up without the turning of a hand. The more pronouncedly the krone lost in value, the more strongly capital was diverted to marketable paper which afforded at least some security. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—people who had never seen a stock certificate—now engaged in speculation. Banks were founded by those who had money, and by others who had none. Promotion was the order of the day. Corporations were organized to finance new wine cellars, or to boom everything from a patent trouser button to commerce in the Ukraine. With the reëstablishment of the krone this air-castle toppled, and crashed into complete ruin when, in the spring of 1924, the Morgan interests ended the frenzied exchange in French francs, which had also captivated many of the Viennese money barons.

The result of all this can be compared only to the bursting of a dam. An enormous flood swept down and buried numberless companies and banks in its waters. Finance kings who had proudly proclaimed their rule on almost the same spot where the throne of the Hapsburgs had once stood, were reduced to beggary almost over night. Today not a single one of the great manipulators of the exchange who appeared since 1918 is on a solid footing. A brief table would show at a glance how even the best issues —Anglobank, Unionbank, Siemens—have sold at heavy losses. Highly respected, long-established banks have failed; there has been widespread bankruptcy of industrial concerns; and more than 10,000 bank officials have been impoverished during the last four months. Credit is very hard to get: 15 percent is considered a fair rate of interest, and many good firms have to pay 25 to 30 percent on loans.

This industrial depression, the heritage from the period of money inflation, is no more serious than the psychological aftermath. The reader must bear in mind that a period of strict frugality has followed a time when a demagogic government caressed the greedy passions of its retainers and curried favor with the populace by every imaginable sort of national profligacy. Presents are no longer made to malcontents; offices are not crowded with hangers-on; and work is the mandate which has succeeded disturbance and sloth. These are evil days for grafters and petty thieves, but there are also hundreds of thousands of respectable people with demands upon the government which would be perfectly just if the government were in a position to meet its obligations. Impoverished people who once lived off their incomes have not been able to understand why the government is not able to restore the value of savings which they had invested in government bonds, war loans, and similar securities. Owners of houses are justified in demanding that the rent laws, which provide tenants with free residence and so abrogate a fair return on a fair investment, be annulled; but if the government were to abandon its policy of very gradual improvement in this matter, the sudden change in housing costs would bring about an economic catastrophe. Seventy thousand of the 100,000 public officials whose dismissal was stipulated by the Geneva program have already been ousted. These, together with the 40,000 demissionaries who had previously been placed on the pension-list, form a little army which the destitute state is in no position to supply with ample stipends.

Accordingly during the Chancellorship of Dr. Seipel, the Socialistic opposition found no difficulty in coining catch-words antagonistic to the policy of rehabilitation. The effect of these could be seen very clearly at the elections for the National Assembly, held during October, 1923. It is true that the Christian Social party polled about 245,000 votes more than it had

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received in 1920, but the Socialists gained an almost equal number. Of every hundred votes, forty-five were cast for the Christian Social party, thirteen for the Pan German party, and forty for the Social Democratic party. This relationship is indicative of the domestic political problem of Austria.

The Socialistic hope is, of course, to regain control of the country, now that it has been partly restored to life and political order. The Socialists have the advantage of absolute control over Vienna, which is one of the nine Austrian provinces. There they have proved masters of the art of establishing cordial relationships with capital, and their revolutionary methods are much less concerned with industry or social reforms of any sort than with uncompromising opposition to everything that is Christian. Being in all senses of the term the instruments of anticlerical liberalism, they have adopted for their chief goals birth-control propaganda, easier divorce laws after the fashion of France, and abolition of Christian education for the young. Austrian Socialism has long since bidden farewell to Bolshevism, with which it carried on a spirited flirtation some few years ago, and is now bitterly embroiled with its own communistic sect. But all of this has merely made it so much more dangerous an enemy of all Christian ideas; and just as soon as economic order is restored, Austrian Catholics will have to settle with this foe such fundamental matters as religious education and the laws governing marriage.

At present every ounce of constructive energy is being concentrated on finishing the task of national restoration. In the joint report presented to the League of Nations in September last by the Finance Committee and the General Commission for Austria, the following apt observation was expressed—"Every Austrian must rejoice, in September, 1924, over the improvement made during the past two years. The action of the League and a noteworthy psychological change in public opinion have made it possible to rescue Austria from the brink of catastrophe and to make of it a newly organized state, which, though far removed from perfection can maintain order and entertain plans for the future." Yes, order has been restored. Security and interest payments called for by the League are being taken care of promptly. The guarantees offered by the state, the income from tariffs and monopolies, have proved far more lucrative than had been supposed. In a few months Austria will discontinue reckoning in kronen and will adopt computation in shillings, one shilling being held equivalent to 10,000 paper kronen. The banking laws specify that the collateral for current bank-notes, inclusive of endorsement and other obligations, must equal 20 percent; the actual ratio at the present time is 50 percent.

Since the revenues accruing to the state are much superior to what was anticipated at the time of the pact with the League of Nations in 1922, the League consented during the course of its last session to an enlargement of the Austrian budget. The deficit for 1925 will be only 585 milliards of paper kronen, which is about one-half less than the deficit for the preceding year and which will be employed in constructive expenditures, not in paying current expenses. The national railways, to date the most serious drain of the government's resources, are now in excellent condition; similar reforms are under way in other national industries, particularly the forests and the coal mines. The balance of trade remains, indeed, markedly passive (could it be otherwise when the value of imports is 100 percent greater than the value of exports?) but the sturdy growth of foreign commerce brings into the country vast sums which help to stabilize financial conditions. If the market crisis is once passed, Vienna will surely resume its place as an important money centre. Ability to save, always a trustworthy barometer of popular tranquility and well-being, is constantly intensifying. The deposits in the largest banks and trust companies of the country have risen from 31.6 milliards of paper kronen to 1,700 milliards—since December, 1922. In another year conditions will have improved sufficiently to convince the League of Nations that Austria's industrial life is firmly organized and that control by the League is no longer needed.

Dr. Seipel has declared time and time again that it is his wish and pride not to be considered merely the successful accountant of Austria's budget, but also to have his share in the healing of souls and the development of the moral character of the commonweal. That the religious life of Austria has been strengthened and deepened so profoundly during the past few years that the advance of faith is now more perceptible than political progress, must be looked upon as the most important phase of the country's rehabilitation.

Note:—This is the last of three articles by the editor of the Vienna Reichpost, who is one of the most experienced and trustworthy journalists of Europe, and contributor of special articles to the Dublin Review and other periodicals. In these articles Dr. Funder has given a connected account of the services to his country, and to world peace and stability, of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, until lately the Austrian Chancellor. Recent events, including the resignation of Chancellor Seipel, give Dr. Funder's articles especial importance.

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THE POSITION OF THE PAPACY

By L. J. S. WOODS

IT IS often said that two powers emerged from the world war with increased influence and prestige, the United States and the Papacy. In the first case the result was to be expected. There were moments, in the first years of the war and after the peace settlement, when Europe, insufficiently acquainted with conditions across the Atlantic, was puzzled by the attitude of the United States, but never, in 1914-15-16, after April, 1917, in 1918-19, had anyone in Europe any doubt at all of the increased and increasing influence of that country. The Vatican is a good lookout place. Its sources of information are world-wide and reliable; its judgment is based on and tempered by a longer experience than is found elsewhere. And the eyes of the Vatican were turned to America in 1914 and have been on it ever since. It was for material help in its effort for peace that it first looked to the United States. Even though taken by surprise in April, 1917 it did not change its outlook, it saw in the changed circumstances, in the entry of the United States into the war, hope of a quicker advent of the just and lasting peace it prayed and worked for. And its latest word, Pope Pius X's addresses in the Secret Consistory of March 24 last and at the Imposition of the Berretta on Cardinals Mundelein and Hayes on the Wednesday following, gave further proof of its hopes and its gratitude on the two counts, material well-doing and moral effort.

Few, however, foresaw increased prestige and influence accruing to the Papacy as a result of the war. There were those indeed who prophesied the end of any influence it had. On the other hand, before the war had lasted six months, there were many thoughtful people here debating whether, and if so in what capacity, the Pope should preside over the congress to establish peace. And quite recently proposals have come from many quarters that the Papacy be represented at the League of Nations, the Covenant of which is part of the Versailles settlement.

The increase of diplomatic relations is taken generally, and justly, as outward proof of the increased prestige of the Holy See. Before the war it had such relations with twelve states, either sending or receiving or, in the majority of cases, both sending and receiving a representative; now it has such relations with twenty-eight, a figure which shows good signs of increase and little, despite what M. Herriot has written in his political program, of decrease. (The eighteen Apostolic Delegations are not strictly diplomatic and are not included.) And this may be justly taken as outward proof because each country that has opened or restored relations has stated frankly that it has done so because of the value to itself it saw in such relations. Holland did so first in 1915 on the reasoning that its greatest interest was an early peace, the Holy See was the most influential worker to that end and it desired to be a co-worker. It kept on relations after the war on account of the value it had found in them. The British Commonwealth sent Sir Henry Howard here at Christmas, 1914 in order that the Holy See might be rightly informed of its war reasons and aims; it saw value in the relations and has continued them despite domestic opposition. The French statesmen who upheld the restoration of relations with the Vatican were unanimous in their reasoning: France stood to gain by it.

Also, during the long process of after-war settlement there have been many extra-diplomatic occasions on which the voice of the Holy See has been heard. The object of its intervention has been in one or two cases to protect the rights and interests of the Church; far more often to help forward the establishment of true peace. The most notable instance in the first category was the quick journey of Mgr. Cerretti from Rome to Paris in May, 1919 to safeguard the moral rights and material property of the Church which were endangered under the proposals of the Peace Conference in the matter of Catholic Missions. The justice of the Holy See's claim was recognized and Pope Benedict XV paid public tribute to the fairness of the Allied representatives at Paris. There have been many similar flying visits, special missions and papal documents. In the spring of 1922 when, for the first time since the war, all the European nations were assembled at Genoa, the Pope's interest was expressed in letters to the Archbishop of the city and the Cardinal Secretary of State and Mgr. Pizzardo went up there twice from Rome. The Pope's letter to Cardinal Gasparri a year later, June 24, 1923, was a very direct exposition of the application of the principles of justice to the international situation, with special regard to the Ruhr.

It would occupy far too much space to enumerate all the instances which might be recalled showing how closely both Benedict XV and Pius XI have followed political developments, among which the Washington Conference was watched at the Vatican closely as one of the most hopeful signs, and have interposed a quiet word or action whenever they thought that might help forward the cause of peace among the peoples. What is of interest to note is that there has been no representative or notable protest on the ground that the Pope had no right thus to speak or that if he did speak no one need listen. A power that has felt itself blamed or criticized, that read some words as unduly favoring the other side, may have criticized in its turn,

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as France did the "forest of bayonets" phrase in Pius XI's letter to the Archbishop of Genoa in April, 1922. But of valid criticism of the right of the Holy See to speak out on the principles of justice, to apply them to the political circumstances of the day as was done in the letter of June, 1920, there has been none. The world has accepted, largely indeed welcomed, the Pope's words.

It is an interesting phenomenon, this sympathetic attention of the world to the Pope's words. And it suggests two considerations: How has this development come about? Is it likely to develop further; if so in what direction and to what results?

Catholics will suggest a subjective reason for it. They will point—and they have ground for doing so—to an upstirring of thought, a process of many years' growth, accentuated by recent upstirring events, in the direction of the Catholic Church. They will adduce the development of the Oxford movement of years ago in the Anglican Church into the Anglo-Catholic movement of today, a tremendous advance towards Catholic belief, and a similar movement among a certain number of Episcopalians in the United States. From many signs—and who does not remember the "Catholic religion the one to die in" of war record?—they will deduce dissatisfaction among very many religiously thinking non-Catholics, with resultant approach to, sometimes passing over to, the Roman Church.

If, however, one studies the question purely objectively and limits observation to the recent years during which the development has been notable, one may perhaps find the answer in the general, if largely subconscious, recognition that in time of difficulty and perplexity, alone among great powers and authorities the Catholic Church, the Pope, expressed a policy and kept it unchanged. The subjective and the objective viewpoints meet in the feeling, grown and still growing, of the need of Authority: firstly in the sense of definiteness, of knowing where one is, of knowing what is right and what is wrong, what is just and what is unjust; secondly in the sense of an organ, an instrument, competent of ensuring right and justice in the world.

And, purely objectively, when one looks back one has to recognize that during the conflict of the war and the controversies that followed, the Papacy alone was able to express a policy and follow it with continuity. Among Benedict XV's words and actions in purely political matters, several may be found which even Catholics may consider to have been either not well conceived or not opportune, but not one will be found out of continuous line with his expressed policy which, of course, was Peace. There was never any change, either in the reasons for it, the way of attaining it or in the means of ensuring its continuation and consolidation when attained. And the conflicting interests, each of them represented to the Papacy by diplomats from each side as identical with its own, never caused the Papacy to swerve. Keeping itself above them it followed its own line, risking unpopularity and in the end overcoming interested clamor. Moreover, looking back over pronouncements and documents of the last Pope and the present one, there is good ground for holding that, consciously or subconsciously, the principles enunciated and the suggestions made have had their share in forming the basis for the peace edifice which the world rulers are endeavoring to raise.

The Papacy, of course, has had immeasurable advantages in comparison with civil powers. It has had no temporal ends of its own to serve; its visibly expressed policy is the outcome of definite and unchanging principles; the ultimate object of every single act of papal diplomacy, as of ecclesiastical policy or purely religious enactment, is the good of souls, and the intimate knowledge that it goes on for ever enables it to pay the less attention to immediate contingencies.

Thoughtful consideration of these two points, that the good of souls is, as necessarily it must be, at the bottom of everything the Pope says and does, and that it goes on for ever, explains many things that appear from time to time surprising. It explains—to take a recent instance—why so little perturbation was shown at the Vatican on M. Herriot's announcement of his intention to break off diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See. The Vatican, in fact, was much more perturbed—and justly as events have shown—at the possibility under the new policy of local persecution of religious congregations which had returned to France trusting in the new spirit and the Union Sacrée. Diplomatic relations, on the other hand, in the view of the Vatican, had been restored at the request of France. They had been agreed to willingly by the Vatican which is undoubtedly happy to have such relations with any civilized country. Their abolishment—if and when that came about, and it would not be so easy to carry it out as to put it down on a paper program, and, moreover, French governments are not everlasting—would be a loss to France. For the Vatican it would signify simply a return to the status quo of the last eighteen years, certainly an unsatisfactory and unjust condition of things for the Church, but one in which in actual fact religion had made vast strides, incomparably greater in proportion than the progress under the Concordat which preceded M. Combes's régime and the rupture which resulted from it. Souls, in fact, do not depend on diplomacy, even if Nuncios are in given conditions, useful intermediaries. Complete abolishment of the diplomatic side of the Vatican might be, in given conditions, a conceivable policy for a Pope.

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POEMS

Up Otley Hill

I'll leave this dull, damned town behind
And, with my own dear land in mind,
I'll brave the weather and face the wind
That ruffles the mists of the morning.

The swollen stream, the dreary plain,
Athwart my path shall stretch in vain
When south I set my face again
Through the beckoning mists of the morning.

Though many a marvel I may see
On the road that leads to my countrie;
Though many a tower, or fair city,
Loom up through the mists of the morning—

On them I'll turn no second gaze;
But ever forward through the haze
Will watch, to see my hills upraise
Their crests through the mists of the morning.

For sturdy, stately mountains stand
Like barrier-reefs to my dear land,
And at their feet, like sea on strand,
Break the billowing mists of the morning.

And, when I to the mountains come,
Up the long road that leads to home,
Beneath, like breaker's fretted foam,
Shall swirl the grey mists of the morning.

Then men will smile in courtesie,
(For this is hither—Arcadie)
And doors stand wide to welcome me
In from the mists of the morning.

I will pass on. Nor halt until
I see at last, from Otley hill,
My own dear valley below me, still
Asleep in the mists of the morning.

R. M. PATTERSON.

Visitation

Brought up to let the mind instruct the heart,
A man of letters, elegantly versed
In all that makes good taste and serves good art,
He put the certitude of reason first,
And let the faith come afterward, a mild
Agnostic who took pleasure in the search
For wells of human wisdom undefiled,
Outside the dispensation of the Church.

A gentle scholar, given to gentle doubt,
He still had secrets we could never sound,
Simplicities we could not understand;
For when he died, alone, unsingled out,
God's love was with him even then . . . We found
The Flowers of Saint Francis in his hand.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Ballad of Dead Griefs

No one disturbs dead griefs. I do!
Whip of my sharp new joys I drew
And woke my dead griefs, three, then two—

They are all dead this many a day—
I routed them from where they lay
Around my heart and in my way,

"Now stir you up and bring me bread
And place soft pillows at my head;
Carry and fetch for me," I said,

"Be bond slaves now—who were my peers—
And pay me back for those past tears
And marks of your harsh cords, your shears."

One tied my hands then dealt the blow;
One forced my eyes to look down,—so;
They starved me, too, long, long ago.—

But now they serve me, and I pass
Where shackled griefs may not trespass
To sing with love through bending grass.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

Dedication for a Book of Verse

As leaves that fall, tinted with red
And gold—so are my songs;

And you, who mark them in their flight,
To you this book belongs.

Bright, falling leaves, the leaves of dreams,
Touched by the wind of years,

Leaves that in falling whisper things
Too swift and dim for tears.

Oh, you who tread a quiet path
In the great wood of Time,

Who watch these drifting, colored leaves—
Dreams that the world calls "rhyme"—

Pity the swiftness of their flight,
Seek what they cannot say,

Snatch from their sadness some delight,
And go your way.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Intellectual

What sort of giraffe does he think he is,
Cropping off nuts and dates far overhead?—
Nibbling them loftily, nose in the trees,
Teeth clipping haughtily, feet in our bed?

What ants in the dirt does he take us for,
Myriad, average, sightless or dead?
Disdaining queries that scurry or soar,
He drops shells and stones when the meanings have fled.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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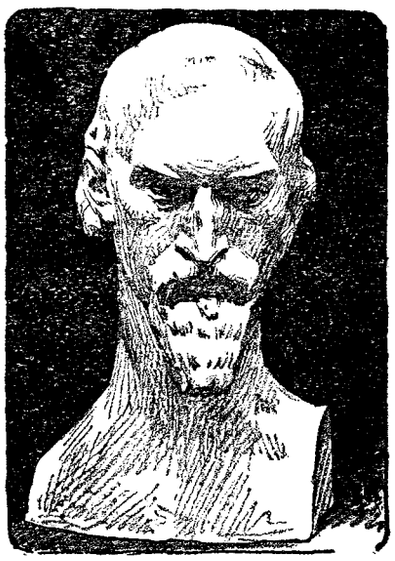
THE MESSAGE OF MESTROVIC

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL



IVAN MESTROVIC

CERTAIN high expressions of the artistic impulse are immemorially the product not of peace but of conflict that has become, in a sense, a national legacy of tradition. Mr. Christian Brinton, in his illuminating preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of sculpture by Ivan Mestrovic at the Brooklyn Museum, stresses the national memories of Serbia as the keynote to Mestrovic's consciousness of his own work and destiny in the field of art.

The assemblage of his sculpture, and of his wood-carving now in this country is an astonishing revelation of powers by no means to be explained under insurgent modern rulings of aestheticism; nor by the traditions of the schools, particularly those academic theories which hark back continually to the Greek ideals of art forgetting that uninspired re-duplication tends to become in time a synonym of death; and the death principle inherent in a too servile following of ancient patterns produces the unstable equilibrium which in time may overthrow canons of art, creeds or governments.

Fortunately for the world, Ivan Mestrovic escaped the academic tradition in the plastic years of childhood when, to a child-genius at least, history is an immortal present, and the Field of the Blackbirds, his own Plain of Kosovo still resounds with the cries of warrior Christians riding to their own slaughter as to a feast of light and power. The shadow of the Prophet stretched long and threatening over Serbia in the great days of Lazar Gobljanovitch, and from the bloody field of Kosovo the Turks carried away the honors of mortality—but the Serbians, the one indestructible legacy of all noble defeats, the hope, the expectation to be someday, somewhere, a conqueror.

Ivan Mestrovic, born in the village of Vrpolje in Slavonia in 1883, of peasant parents, knew from early childhood the national hero-worship and its resultant longing for a revival of old glories; and while, like Giotto, he tended his sheep—after the return of his family to Dalmatia—his fancy was fed by many a tale of the ancient warriors of his native land. Mountain air and glorious traditions are no mean nurses of future genius; and through the fortunate circumstances of poverty, not sordid but inspiring, of heroic examples, and last but not least, the kindly encouragement of the village priest, Fra Marko Cacic, Mestrovic advanced rapidly in vision; and in the initial steps of his art—taken, fortunately, alone.

The religious feeling which is so profoundly evident in his work found its expression in a crucifix for Fra Marko's parish church; and Mestrovic's father, himself a craftsman, taught him to fashion spoons and forks and other domestic utensils; so that he acquired early the manual dexterity of the wood-carver, which was to flower in such masterpieces as Christ and the Magdalen. Mr. Brinton records as a formative influence in Mestrovic's early life a visit to Sibenik, "where he beheld his first cathedral with its carved saints and gleaming altar, and, beyond, the bright bosom of the sea."

The years that followed are a record of a constant illuminated struggle for artistic knowledge and expression against the odds of poverty and the challenge of his ideals to which he steadfastly adhered through all dark days. His student pilgrimages included Venice, Italy and Paris, where he attracted the notice of Rodin and won his commendation. By incessant labor, by that scorn of privation which is at the very root of the artistic impulse seeking its own, Mestrovic emerged from his obscurity, was acclaimed and holds now a place unique and unassailable.

In Mestrovic's religious sculpture this breathing of the past upon the elements of the present is peculiarly noticeable; and in viewing his Crucifixions, his Prophets, his Saints, his Pietas, it must be borne in mind that Eastern, not Western Christianity, has been the formative influence; and in the Greek Orthodox Church Christianity has remained more or less an Asiatic religion with its tendency to lose itself in abstract thought or in mystical attenuations that vanish at last in the obscurity of light or darkness. It is the Byzantine Blessed Mother that Mestrovic carves again and again, with the narrow eyes and the column-like neck of the type long ago recorded in St. Sophia or in the mosaics of those sad fantastic Eastern churches too much under the spell of tradition to awake from their dream of the days when Eusebius and his friends took issue against the *homōousian;* and Arius followed his unidentified Redeemer.

But Mestrovic is too great an artist to reflect what is lifeless or frozen; and his seated Madonna with her noble head, her strong, erect torso and her goddess-like limbs is, indeed, a Mother of Christ, conceived in terms of the universal or of that cosmic consciousness in which Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo lived

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and breathed as in their native air of Italy. And it is in truth a mark of the supreme masters that they approach the universal through all localities.

So Mestrovic senses the Great Secret through his Byzantium of encrusted gold, and brooding theologies; and Asia rises behind his colossal figures as if in eternal reminder that in a minor province of her borders the Redeemer of the world was born. This Serbian is a mystic; but a mystic who understands that there is no weakness in the sinews of the saints; nor any conflict with destiny that does not admit of the quick searching for new fields when the old are dim with death.

His Crucifixions are far more than astonishing portrayals of twisted and wrenched muscles; far more than presentation of supreme pain. His great wooden Crucifix of heroic size gives strangely the impression of a veritable Tree of God stricken by lightnings from the absolute; and through the wood, by some wonder of carving, burns a flame-like quality quite indescribable and not to be endured long by the spectator. Of the two other Crucifixions one is more abstract and quieting; the second a return to this Drama of Pain, admirably executed.

Mother and Child

The marble relief of the Archangel Gabriel is of consummate beauty; and once seen is likely to efface from the memory other presentations of the angel at the moment of the message to Mary. The face like a shaft of light, the closed eyes, the open lips, the suggestion of flight just ended in the folded-back wings, have here turned marble into a veritable communication of divine things.

Mestrovic has been compared to Michelangelo; but there is little in common between the Serbian's unstrained, monumental figures and those nervous or thought-tortured titans that emerged from the Italian's blocks of marble as if in unwilling compliance to an over-powering will. Michelangelo with all his supremacy over form was yet a child of his age; and his age, Janus-faced, seemed at once to evoke the ghost of Greece; and that uneasy spirit fatefully called "modern."

Mestrovic is not a modernist in this sense, and there is a certain calm and gospel-like beauty in his simplicity of line—witness the plaster relief of Christ and the Woman of Samaria; the wood relief of Christ and the Merchants, the exquisite wood reliefs of The Happy Angels, and The Unhappy Angels, and the very beautiful wood relief of The Madonna with Angels.

These wood reliefs especially, express an art closely allied to that of the sculptors of the renaissance, whose productions are placed by Walter Pater in his essay on Luca della Robbia midway between the old Greek mastery of form as expressive of abstract ideas; and Michelangelo's glorious but pain-haunted and nervous work. Mestrovic's reliefs, especially the exquisite Amor and Psyche have much in common with the delicate subtly-shaded bas-reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, of Desiderio da Settignano and Benedetto da Majano, but it is less through type—Mestrovic remains on the whole Byzantine—than through that "faint quiver of life" which the critic Reinach designates as the supreme quality of a masterpiece. Mestrovic's wood-carving as well as his sculpture, is alive, sensitized, the soul breaking through the medium as if in appeal to be understood and answered.

The same simplicity and vigor of treatment is found in his Head of an Old Man, and in his striking portrait bust of Bishop Strossmayer of Diakovar, an active supporter of the Croatian National party, commemorated also by Mestrovic in an heroic statue for the city of Zagreb. A certain Greek severity characterizes two heads of women, one executed in black marble; and in the portrait busts, notably that of Madame Ruza Mestrovic, the sculptor shows himself as much a master of subtle delineation of personality in stone as Rodin. In Miss St. George, Mestrovic has captured young girlhood without elaboration of a theme which speaks for itself.

In his female figures, which are not portraits, Mestrovic returns not only to the primitive woman, but, perhaps, to the racial type of woman as the symbol of the reproductive forces of the earth, Ceres or Isis, or some nameless goddess of an early religion, typifying the principle of maternity; his Mother and Child, numbered 100 in the catalogue, being an extreme example of the symbolism which throughout the ages

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has expressed forces but dimly understood; and from this he passes to the idealization of mother-love in the marble bas-relief of Mother and Child, but both remain equally real and unchallenged.

Nor at the crest of this symbolism of natural forces does the significance of the underlying spiritual mystery escape him. In the Girl at Prayer and in those strange fragmentary busts of women playing musical instruments, and in the statue of the girl with the violin, the soul as the harmonizer of old rebellions is given an embodiment reminiscent of no earlier master. The firm body of his caryatid carved in wood is in itself a placid harmony, while in the statues of widowhood—with their poignant symbolism—and in the figure of the Vestal Virgin is seen the true mystic's understanding of those natural powers, by which humanity is sometimes crushed, sometimes goaded onward into great feats of spiritual procreation. The four groups which surround the wooden model for the Temple of Kosovo seem the very embodiment of the destiny of a land too long widowed, but at length restored to ancient dignities and powers.

Mestrovic's national spirit and patriotic pride have found full expression in this model for a temple to commemorate the battle fought on the plain of Kosovo on June 28, 1389; with its domes, its tower supported by heroic figures; its corridors and porches lined with bas-reliefs of martial horsemen riding as on the frieze of the Parthenon to some eternal victory.

Mr. Brinton in his summing-up of the qualities of Mestrovic's genius writes that "his art epitomizes in plastic form the two dominant factors in the history of humanity—the ego and the nego—the will to achieve and the will to accept."

It may be added to Mestrovic that his mode of acceptance of the mysteries and tragedies of existence is no grey negation, declining towards death; but that radiant acquiescence of suffering and defeat by which the spirit of humanity is perpetually quickened and made fruitful.

NARCISSUS UP TO DATE

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

TO every age its special mental strut, the derision of the next. No age lacks humor, but in each the sense of it is severely restricted to a jubilant appreciation of the comicalities of the preceding one. About ourselves we are always serious enough. This age sees clearly the absurdity of the Victorian pose of morality, just as the Victorians laughed themselves into fits over the tinsel classicism and heroics of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic age, and just as that one could see nothing but what was funny in the age of orthodoxy.

But the next age is likely to get more fun out of ours than we get out of the Victorians or than Carlyle did out of the French Graeco-Romans, or than even Cervantes got out of the age of chivalry. Whatever the special pose of any age may be, it is always one of superiority, in one form or another, to the mass of its contemporaries; and nothing funnier has yet been evolved in the various struts of all the ages than the strut of the Intellectual. Mix together the moral Victorian pose, the classic-heroic pose of the Revolution, the pose of erudition gibed at by Pope and Fielding, the pose of chivalry lampooned by Cervantes, and all the poses back as far as the pose of Pharisaism against which Jesus Himself did not disdain to use the weapon of ridicule, and you will not get out of the whole mess anything funnier than the Intelligentsia.

Some perception of this is seemingly at work in the mental processes of Mr. Mencken, some uneasy glimmering that the word "Intellectual" is soon going to be as funny as the word "Nordic," or that inordinate howler, "the red-blooded American." For he is gradually coming to substitute, more and more, the word "civilized" for the word "intellectual." I doubt if it will profit him much, and only register to his credit the fact that he is possessed of a sixth sense which tells him when a word is getting dangerous. It is all right for *him* to call himself "civilized;" but suppose the word should catch on, and all the little groups of serious thinkers in this broad land of ours should herd after him and begin calling themselves "civilized" instead of "intellectual," too. It does not require the son of a prophet to foresee that in that case the word "civilized" will appear far funnier to our merciless posterity than even the word "intellectual" is sure to do.

The only new things about the Intellectual are his name and the jargon he uses. The argot differs in every generation. In the Victorian time they did not call this creature an Intellectual; they called him "the superior person," and they meant it unkindly. There was even a time in the world's history when he had an official title, that of augur; and he had held it quite awhile before he began to have a hard job keeping his face straight when he met another of his rank, which story is about all that most of us remember about augurs.

Most likely the word intelligentsia had a more modest meaning when it was first used. It was used in countries where the illiterate were immensely in the majority, and there had to be some word to define the difference between the brother to the ox and the man who knew something. Transplanted, translated,

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and universalized, the word becomes a macrocosmic joke. It has, however, become the special strut of this generation. As a pose the signs of its doom are thick, and I wonder what will be the pose of the next generation, in what unexpected and ridiculous plumes that prince of buffoons, Man, will masquerade in the years to come; and I think I will live long enough to gratify my curiosity. The Intellectual has had his brief hour and is damned already, though it may be some time before his ear catches the warning formula —"Exit!" from the wings

Whatever the pose of any era may be, it is characteristic of the "clown with a broken heart," as Oscar Wilde called mankind, to believe that he is in the midst of an era of intellectual progress, whereas he is only in the centre of an era of change. He thinks he is rising on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. The only recorded exception is the epoch of the renaissance, when men really did believe that their predecessors had more intellectual wealth than they themselves had. That epoch of humility is a strange aberration in the mental history of the race. It is, of course, an excellent thing that when a man does his best to write a good book in the passing fashion of his day he should believe that he is jouncing humanity forward a step or two; otherwise he might say—"What's the use?" and write a bad one. Therefore, if I thought this article would stay the hand of a single Intellectual, or create in him a doubt that this passing fashion is a permanent achievement of mankind's, I should not write it; but I am safe; you can't cure an Intellectual.

The fierce quarrels among the few thousands who write arise from their belief that they are the human race, and this belief comes naturally from the fact that they alone are articulate. Hence they debate gravely and hotly about the direction which the "movement" of the moment should take or is taking. The movement is only among themselves, and numerically they are only a fly on the wheel. Inarticulate man, and that does not mean unthinking man, is just about the same from century to century. There is about as much superstition in the world as there ever was, outside a minority much smaller than it thinks it is; just as much virtue, just as much selfishness, intelligent and unintelligent, just as much or as little taste. The Superior Person, a nickname I greatly prefer to the Intellectual, manages to live and be happy by believing that those who don't write or talk, don't think; but in all ages they have done so and still do. Who taught John Ball to say—"When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" That idea hadn't occurred to the Intellectuals, but it had occurred to thousands of the Inarticulate; John Ball merely voiced what they had been thinking.

A case in point is the late presidential election. For the first time since 1864 all the Intellectuals, or Superior Persons, or whatever their chameleon name may be, were on one side; so far as I could learn not a single Intellectual was for Coolidge, just as in 1864 all the Intellectuals were against Lincoln, at least up to the time of his nomination. The result was so bewildering that they have been trying to explain it ever since. Senator La Follette and Senator Wheeler explained it easily enough by ascribing it to the corruption of the American people, though Mr. La Follette somewhat inconsistently if magnanimously added that he would continue to fight for "the masses," just as if they hadn't corruptly voted against him. Senator Swanson seems to think the eighteen millions who voted for Coolidge did so because of tactical mistakes at Democratic headquarters. Other solutions are that the farmers thought Coolidge had raised the price of wheat, that the Klan did it, that Davis would have been elected if he had let the League of Nations alone, and so on. But there is almost a consensus among the Intellectuals that the people voted for Coolidge because they were too dense to know what was good for them.

It does not seem to occur to any of them that perhaps some of the eighteen millions who voted for Coolidge did so because, after looking him over for a year or so, they had decided that they liked him. I happen to know that this was the case with one man, a man whom I know better than anybody else ever did, even my mother; so it may be true of others. This may seem to the Intellectuals too absurd an assumption to discuss, and even if discussable it could only furnish another proof that the American is a boob. No Intellectual would permit himself to suppose for a moment that the inarticulate majority is capable of thinking. But, if this is so, what becomes of the theory of progress, of the dead selves and the stepping-stones? Must the Intellectuals be forever on the scaffold, the boobs forever on the throne?

In 1865 a great light dawned on the brightest if not greatest of the Adams family—from President John down—Charles Francis, Jr.; and in that fascinating compilation of the letters that passed between himself and his father and brother you will find him excitedly proclaiming to their unbelieving eyes his discovery that Lincoln was a great man. This discovery came to him overwhelmingly when he read the Second Inaugural Address. It was a bit late, for the inarticulate majority had come to that conclusion some time before, in fact, at the preceding presidential election, and in the very teeth of Henry Winter Davis and all the other highbrows.

Charles Francis, Jr., was pretty much alone among the Intellectuals in making even this belated discovery. If you don't believe it, read the official eulogy of Lincoln delivered before the two houses of Congress by George Bancroft, the historian, published some years ago by the government along with Blaine's eulogy of Garfield and Hay's eulogy of McKinley. It is plain, that to Bancroft, Lincoln was just a dead President,

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who had done his duty well enough and should be commended in moderation for it. It was reserved for Lowell, in his Commemoration Ode, to start the Intellectuals thinking and get them up to the point which the common people had reached several years ahead of them.

I forget whether it is Emerson or Carlyle who says that when a man of genius enunciates a great thought thousands start forward eagerly crying—"Why, that is the very thing I have been thinking and could not say!" The quotation, of course, is made inaccurately, but that is the gist of it. Probably most of the Intellectuals, if any of them read so antiquated an author as Emerson, have read this as merely a tribute to genius. What he meant, however, was that the common people had beaten the genius to it. Some apology is perhaps due for quoting so unfashionable an author, who showed in many another instance that though he might consider himself a teacher he did not think of himself as a Superior Person, and who certainly would have scoffed in the midst of Transcendentalism at the idea that he was, in the present-day sense, an Intellectual.

One of the oddities of the Intellectual which excites my respectful amusement is his almost ferocious preoccupation with the novel, as if it were three-fourths of literature. The idea never seems to occur to him that the novel is not eternal, that in fact it is an upstart among the other forms, and that its term of life may be as short as that of the dialogue. Men and women give their lives to perfecting the technique of this probably ephemeral form of literature, as once they gave their lives to perfecting the ballade, the sestina, the pantoum, in the full conviction that they were at work on something eternal. The ballade survives only as a plaything, and as for the rest—

> Mother of God, where are they then?
> But where are the snows of yester-year?

The grave debates on the views of life presented in the short-lived best-sellers, year by year, are as frightful a waste of mental power as the anxious studies of technique, though perhaps they do not lead to as comic results—such results, for instance, as Mrs. Gerould's pronunciamento that O. Henry, because of his disregard of technique, was no short-story writer at all, but only a producer of the "expanded anecdote." O. Henry himself sinned against these artificial laws of technique deliberately and not from ignorance. He even guyed them, as in one of his stories which began something like this—

"It was a cold, windy day in early April. Never begin a story like this, man. It must march—march—march!"

As for these studies of life which our Intellectuals debate so solemnly, since a girl in her twenties may and often does produce the novel of the year, it may be pertinent to inquire who gave the novelist her Doctorate of Fiction or her Doctorate of Life? Where are her proofs of qualification? The thing is rapidly reducing itself to absurdity in the application of psychoanalysis to fiction—not that the absurdity will be seen until the inevitable reaction from this passing fad. That ought to come about in the next generation, which is not so far off. The psycho-analytical school is based on the theory that fiction never did concern itself with psychology and its analysis until the rise of the present-day dissecting-room school of novels; as if Tom Jones did not contain enough of the inner and outer life of a human being to furnish forth a hundred of these scalpel-wielders. One difference—the differences are many and immeasurable—is that the writers of such novels as Tom Jones or Cousin Betty concealed their scalpels and showed only the results. In other words, they were artists.

Something of the same grotesque seriousness is to be found in the weighty way in which the tinkling poets, if poets they are, of the amusingly named "Georgian era"—as if an accidental change in the British monarchy could end or begin an era, and as if there had not been a real Georgian era in the eighteenth century—consider each other's variations. But space grows short, and I must leave them in the hands of Edmund Gosse. Reviewing the labors of that toil-worn Briton who every now and then makes up the latest anthology of Georgian tinkles, Gosse kindly called him a "shepherd."

If you will recall what is the professional duty of a shepherd, you will agree that Gosse has accurately summed up the Intellectual as Poet.

Conspiracy

It was the stars that did it—
  The stars, the wind, the sea
That rode behind in pulsing foam
  So wild and white and free!

It was the wind that did it—
  The wind, the sea, the stars
That burned their flame into our souls—
  What could we know of scars!

It was the sea that did it—
  The sea, the stars, the wind
That blew in gales of high romance—
  The gales that night were kind.

It was these three that did it—
  Conspirators, dream-shod,
They made of me a worshiper,
  They made of you a god.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

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THE LONDON POLICEMAN

By JAMES J. DALY

"TELL your troubles to a policeman" is a frivolous and empty phrase in the States (which is English brevity for the United States) but it conveys practical wisdom to a lonesome American astray in London. The London Bobby is the most receptive and patient of counsellors. He looks remote and forbidding with his eye-shading helmet and a stern immobility of countenance common to military geniuses, poker-players and butlers. But he is, beneath the mask, human and approachable. The tides of traffic may be heaping up importunately at his back in Charing Cross, Piccadilly, or Oxford Circus, but he will listen as courteously and reply as carefully as if you and he were the only two people on this planet.

The only place where I have seen a London policeman ruffled and curt was in Bow Street whither all strangers must go to be docketted and filed within a month after their arrival. It is a hideous place where the red tape is interminable and the conveniences for those who have to wait there for hours seem to have been arranged on the theory that all strangers are actual or potential criminals. One can pardon testiness in men who have to work there all day. If England elects to make it as unpleasant as possible for visitors to her shores, why should she also take it out on her policemen?

But out in the open Bobby recovers his serenity. He has all kinds of curious information at his fingers' ends, and he dispenses it with kindly and fatherly concern. His vast Babylon has no intricacies or remotenesses for which he does not know the number of the right omnibus. His directions are clear after you have grown accustomed to his intonation and have mastered some simple formula, such as—"First to the right and second to the left." He will discuss alternative plans with you and give you the benefit of his knowledge and experience. And he does not expect a tip. I do not know what would happen if you offered him one. I can well believe that in a land of tipping no one has ever had the hardihood to do it.

I have made experiments with a view of discovering the limits of a London policeman's readiness to oblige. I asked a young Bobby standing in front of Apsley House whether the Duke of Wellington used to live there. He was unable to say. Clearly it was not within the province of a policeman to digest guide-books: he might have dismissed me without a qualm. Instead his—"Blimey, if I know," was uttered in a tone of abject apology full of pain and confusion. I am sure he spent his off-hours that evening in posting himself about the Iron Duke.

For several weeks I had noted a policeman on guard in front of a house near Park Lane. One evening curiosity tempted me to enquire of the policeman on duty what he was doing there. I was quite ready to be told that it was none of my business. Nothing of the kind. "This is the home of the Governor General of Northern Ireland, Sir, and it is being guarded."

If there are surly policemen in London streets, I have not met them. They speak in a low voice and expect to be obeyed. And they are obeyed. They carry no revolver, nothing but a truncheon (quaint variation for our club) which I have never seen unsheathed. A salutary fear of them makes their word, their very gesture and glance, something to reckon with. No influence, political or otherwise, need distract Bobby in the performance of his duty. As far as consequences affect his tenure of office, it makes no difference to him whether he runs in a member of Parliament, the director of a bank, or a common variety of thug. Woe betide the man, be he gentle or hind, who does not stop at once when the traffic officer gives the signal, and, like Canute, says to the surging billows of traffic—"So far, and no farther!" He places himself in front of the halted current, with his back turned towards it, thus expressing a sublime confidence in his own power. This system was introduced once upon a time into Paris: within a month, it is said, thirty policemen were killed and injured.

It is only the esoteric theory that meekness is a correlative of strength which makes the following story credible. A stranger in London stopped to ask directions of a Bobby. It took some time to give them, and while the officer was speaking he often looked down sorrowfully towards the ground. The stranger finally looked down, too, and in dismay discovered he was standing on one of the poor policeman's feet.

Nor is the London traffic cop "slow in the uptake." A delightful story tells of two novices who knelt down in the middle of the street on the site of Tyburn, which happens to be now just where the streams of traffic from Oxford Street and Park Lane sweep into Edgeware Road near the Marble Arch. The Bobby stationed there rubbed his eyes at the strange sight. "What are you doing here?" he asked. One of the youths looked up and replied—"We are praying to the holy English martyrs." Here was, I think everyone will admit, a novel and somewhat disconcerting situation for a policeman to handle without any warning. He could, of course, have cut the Gordian knot and ordered them to move on. There was violation of law here, it is true; but with a certain difference which commanded respectful recognition. "Well," said this admirable Bobby, "all I say is, if you keep on kneeling there till the next bus comes along, there will be two more holy English martyrs."

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My last incident has to do with this same spot, the site of the infamous Tyburn Gallows. The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, a society formed primarily to pray for the conversion of England, organizes every year a "Tyburn Walk." Those who take part in it assemble at Newgate, where the martyrs used to be confined, and march down Holborn and Oxford Street, following, as far as history can decide, the route taken by many a mournful progress to the ancient gallows. Last year, on April 27, there were 800 marchers. The cold rain did not discourage them, nor prevent them from kneeling down in the street to recite prayers in front of the Tyburn Convent in Hyde Park Place. The line of march is along thoroughfares as busy as Fifth Avenue or State Street. The pilgrims proceed in wide formation which must be a trial to the traffic squad. Yet here is the way the Chief Inspector of Gray's Inn Road Station, who had charge of the police arrangements, looked at it—"It is a real pleasure to us," he wrote to an officer of the Guild, "to accompany your procession, because we know the spirit of love that actuates it, and you must feel proud of those who join in the procession; for, whatever the weather, they come along and show their fervor."

These and many other incidents make us feel that we must reëcho the graceful comment of the Guild official—"The police are wonderful. The London police are superwonderful."

MYSTICS IN ACTION

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

Une Épopée Mystique. Les Origines Réligieuses du Canada, par Georges Goyau. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

EVERY student of history, even the most casual, is forced to take note of periods, sometimes short — sometimes prolonged, when supernatural motives, as opposed to material, take the lead in human action. These epochs are hard to explain and impossible to prophesy in advance. All that can be affirmed of them with certainty is that they recur and that their alternation seems to be the expression of some obscure law of flux and reflux in the secular soul of mankind.

Such interludes are attended with very special phenomena. There is a marked disregard for safety and comfort. Men literally "throw away" their lives in crusades and missions. Family ties are loosened. The warfare between flesh and spirit takes on a fresh acuity. The hermit and the flagellant reappear. Visions are heeded and "voices" harkened to. Religion assumes extreme forms that puzzle the devout but practical mind. Deserts beckon irresistibly. There is a new hunger for the manna that must be groped for among their sands, and a new thirst for the living stream that must be struck from their rocks. The court, the camp and the market place have their mystics. Riches are felt a burden, hair-shirts are worn under cloth of gold and Thebaides erected in the busiest of lives. Tinkers see strange sights and soldiers march and charge to psalm tunes. As for the saints—they would go gypsying. It would almost seem that Heaven chose certain times to draw nearer the earth, when an intoxicating ether is abroad, fevering soul and body and upsetting all compromises ever entered into between flesh and spirit.

It is such a dramatic series of episodes that M. Georges Goyau, the French Academician, portrays for us in Les Origines Réligieuses du Canada. Its subtitle—Une Epopée Mystique sufficiently reveals the scope of the study. It is as well that the period should at last be interpreted for us by one who is at one and the same time a Catholic, a layman and a Frenchman. The story of early Canada—the Canada of Cartier and Champlain, of the black robes and painted warriors, is fairly familiar to American readers mainly through Parkman's history. But Parkman, for all his good-will and sympathy, was singularly unfitted to write the story as it should be written. He suffered from disabilities due to his race and religion—the Protestant spirit and the positive mind. Protestantism lies at the root of the worldly success of the Anglo-Saxon, and an impatience with undue ardors, if only for the catastrophes they are apt to entail, is of the essence of Protestantism. Try to imagine a Protestant Invincible Armada! The contrast between the tragic beginnings of French America and the sobriety of the English settlements on the Atlantic seaboard was always present in Parkman's mind. For all his sensitiveness to the heroic aspects of "this wild and bloody act of the great drama of New France," there are times when a note of congratulation, half-expressed, at the coldness of heart of his Puritan forebears seems to pierce through the narrative.

Up to the year 1640, indeed, the story of Canada's founding is a painful record of folly and failure. The views of devout Champlain were far ahead of his time, and France, distracted by religious war and the quarrels of the Fronde, was in no position to give them effect. The missionary efforts of the Church had to contend not only with the hostility of the English and Dutch and their Huguenot allies, but also with the short sighted policy of the trading companies at home. "Furs—not colonists," was their demand, and they were violently opposed to any scheme that entailed clearing away the forests. As late as 1625, two Jesuit priests who had come over with twenty workmen to help build up Quebec were forced to return home be-

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cause the company intercepted provisions sent them from France. It would seem incredible did not so careful a historian as M. Goyau vouch for the fact, that at the end of the first half-century of effort there were not 200 soldiers in French Canada. The result of so scandalous a policy was inevitable. In 1613 a Welsh pirate from Virginia, named Argall, sacked Port Royal in Acadia. In 1629 two privateers, the Kirke brothers, of Franco-Scottish descent, together with a French renegade named Michel, attacked Quebec with a fleet fitted out in London and forced its surrender.

Never has the promise that the weak shall confound the strong been better fulfilled than in the events that followed this temporary ruin of the French settlements in Canada. While Champlain, a paroled prisoner in London, is straining every nerve to show that the treacherous attack had been made three months after the signing of peace, daily Mass is being celebrated in Paris for its recovery. Ursuline and Carmelite nuns, M. Goyau tells us, relieved one another day and night before the tabernacles of Paris in an unceasing advocacy for the cause of France and the Church.

The lives of the missionaries, Franciscan and Jesuit, who poured into Canada after Quebec had been restored in 1632, has often been told, but never as well as by M. Goyau. Their lives hung on a hair. Their fate depended on the good or evil fortune of the roving bands they accompanied. An unsuccessful war raid meant death at the hands of the Iroquois—a successful one, a night hardly less terrible during which they would be forced to listen to the howls and shrieks of the torturers and to find pieces of charred human flesh hacked from the bodies of men they had just baptized at the stake flung mockingly into their laps. At the best they were merely rivals to tribal witch-doctors and rain-makers—at the worst, sorcerers who sowed plague and defeat. Their food was rotten meat or grain pounded with water, that tasted "like the paste used to fasten paper to walls at home." In the choking hut or tent, respiration was often only possible by keeping the mouth pressed to the earth, and the sight of nearly all suffered to a point where the breviary could with difficulty be read. In the intimacy of the lodge, the stoical "brave" revealed himself a malignant reveller, "half devil and half child," who delighted in such pranks as supplying the foulest equivalents in Huron or Algonquin for the words of Bible and missal. Backsliding was so frequent that for long the fathers dared only baptize infants or adults at the point of death. And there was always the bad example of the lapsed Frenchman, the half savage "coureur des bois," to bring their sermons to nought. "I doubt," sighs Père Lalemant, "whether Heaven will demand any further martyrdom than that which we suffer daily." Yet letters home are filled with enthusiasm and even a sort of gaiety. "Life is given us that it may be thrown away to seize the Cross," writes Père Le Jeune. "We have the sky and can say our prayers in the oratory that St. Francis Xavier loved best," says Père Brébeuf. Scorched, maimed, half-blind, old at forty, are the men who return to France to enlist fresh workers for this spectral harvest.

Who were the noble men and women who answered the call—the latter in such numbers that Père Le Jeune can write—"If we were to open the door to all desires we would have a city of nuns and ten mistresses to one pupil." They came from every class and category—from the hamlet and the chateau as well as the cloister—soldiers, religious, peers, peasants and bourgeois. There is Marie Martin, afterwards Mère Marie de l' Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines at Quebec and Montreal. A shrewd business woman, who might often be seen at midnight, superintending the loading and unloading of cargo on the Loire for her brother-in-law's distributing house, Marie is haunted by visions. In one she is shown "the mass of her sins," and is plunged "into the blood of Christ." In another, a lady dressed in court attire seizes her hand and leads her precipitately to a seashore. Across the strait through the fog can be seen a savage mountain range bristling with pines and cleft by a single narrow path. And a Mother and Infant who appear at her side begin to converse about Canada. Her vocation is no easy matter. She nearly swoons with anguish each time she passes the gateway of the Ursulines. For she has a little son whom she loves better than anything on earth—a son who will one day be a Benedictine priest and write the biography of the mother who entrusted him to Heaven.

There is Mme. de Peltrie, the lady of the dream. A young and wealthy woman, widowed at twenty-five, she feels herself impelled "by an interior inspiration from Christ to exile herself in Canada." Her family are pressing for a second marriage which will make short work of such designs, and to evade it no better way can be found than a pretended espousal with M. de Bernières, a mystical writer and author of Le Chrétien Interieur, which leaves her free to cross the ocean.

Sometimes the call comes to those who are unable to accept it literally and who can only help with money and material. Such is the Duc de Ventadour, second viceroy of Canada, under whose powerful auspices the Jesuits are to undertake the evangelization of French America. In his stately hotel under the shadow of St. Sulpice, this youthful peer, immensely rich, a favorite at Court and wed almost in childhood to a scion of the princely house of Luxemburg, is longing for the tonsure as his girl bride for the veil of Carmel. Père Noyrot, just back from Quebec, has no difficulty in persuading Ventadour that "there is a magnificent mission to support in Canada, savages to convert, and that it is his duty to become viceroy." Such is M. de

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la Dauversière, Comptroller of Taxes at La Flèche, married and with three children. At Candlemas of 1630, he "receives a command from Christ to found a nursing order in honor of St. Joseph," on the barren site where Montreal will one day rise. All the instances of his confessor joined to those of the saintly Père Olier are needed to keep the middle-aged enthusiast at home, and to remind him that his first duty lies to wife and children. Happily, in 1640, "a gentleman, one Pierre Chévrier de Faucamp, comes to Dauversière "to seek counsel regarding the salvation of his soul." It is agreed that he shall leave forthwith for Canada with twenty tons of provisions and tools for the priests and colonists who are to follow next year.

Among the missionaries are penitents, eager, in the ardor of their conversion, for the toils and dangers of the Indian field. "Imagine," says M. Goyau, "a Jean Jacques Rousseau, born a Catholic, his youth tarnished, as in the Confessions, by theft, lying and license, and recounting his faults, not to boast of them but to humiliate himself, and you will have some notion of Joseph Chaumonot." Chaumonot, the rascal and charlatan, becomes Père Chaumonot, companion of the saintly Père Lalamenat, and an Indian linguist whose harangues astound even the Algonquin orators. At the seminary he made one request only—"to be sent to Canada as soon as possible, to suffer or die."

And there are soldiers who feel no vocation whatever to Holy Orders, but a very sensible desire to fight, and if need be, die under the banner of the Cross. Of these crusaders born out of time, Maisonneuve, the "monk in arms," is the preëminent type. Even Parkman, who has nothing but contempt for M. de Bernières and pity for Marie Martin, confesses that "the spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon" lived again in this stout-hearted champion and savior of "Villemarie" during the dark hours of the Iroquois war. A soldier from the age of thirteen, Maisonneuve had but one fear—the world and its contacts. He taught himself the lute that he might beguile the tedium of garrison life with music, which he loved, without having to listen to the songs which his comrades favored. It is his desire, he writes his sister—in religion, Soeur Louise de St. Marie—to practise the profession of arms, which he loves, in a country where he can be free from occasions to sin. The townsfolk of d'Argentan might well cry, watching such men and women preparing to embark—"Suivez Jesus-Christ: la foi se retire de la France: allons au Canada!"

Parkman, at the end of his study, The Jesuits in North America, dwells, with what perhaps is pardonable unctuousness, on the Providence "clear as the sun at noon" which struck down the Jesuit hopes at the hands of the Iroquois on the very eve of the great struggle between England and France for America. Catholics, even American Catholics, may be forgiven if they read providence less literally. While grateful for the destiny which ruled that the greater part of the North American continent should be opened up for civilization by men of their own race and tongue, they may yet keep a conviction that, if another great body of population, with language and religion intact after 300 years, has been suffered to persist across their border, it is for an end which Divine Providence has in view and will reveal in its own time. Such a study as that of M. Goyau is proof that something higher than worldly wisdom presided over the beginnings of French Canada. It instils a confidence that something higher than worldly interests will be served from a harvest that so many mystics and martyrs watered with their blood and tears.

COMMUNICATIONS

NEW LIGHT ON THE BORGIAS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am surprised at the selection of Mr. Lynn Thorndike as the reviewer of Mgr. De Roo's new book; not because he is a graduate of Wesleyan University, and a Methodist, but on account of the unsuitable equipment he possesses for such a task. He has written so much on occultism that he should be quite capable of reviewing books on that subject; but his high-school text-book on mediaeval history is, according to his own admission, based on the Development of Modern Europe of James Harvey Robinson, whose Bolshevistic tendencies in history, science and literature are only too well known.

From such a reviewer, a superficial treatment was to be expected; but he might have spared us his carping and captious tone, and at least attempted to give some proofs of his insinuations. "I am inclined to think,"—"We confess to a sneaking feeling," are not very well-documented assertions. The article is well-padded; the first four paragraphs barely refer to the book under review; the sixth and seventh give a sort of Current History of Europe of 1492-1503, with an ostentatious parade of names and dates which, although pedantically correct, forces one to ask—What have Perkin Warbeck and Sir Edward Poynings to do with Alexander VI?

"Mgr. De Roo has undoubtedly done us the service of definitely disproving many assertions that have been made concerning Alexander VI. . . . But his tone is that of the advocate and apologist. . . . The true history of Alexander VI

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can be written only by a man who does not care whether he was good or bad. . . ." There is no such man in Europe or America. Even a scholarly Chinese would have his prejudices, according as he considered the Emperor Shun-Chi did right or wrong in conferring the rank of mandarin on Father Schall von Bell, S.J.

If one reads the whole paragraph which contains the truncated quotation: "aroused the love of truth in the hearts of a few recent historians, even among Protestant scholars," one sees nothing offensive in it.

Next we have a dissertation on historical method. Mr. Thorndike assails the credibility of "favorable admissions by enemies." How many historians would agree with him in this ultra-conservative view? Again: " . . . no critical historian would either lie or purposely assail or reluctantly admit." Mr. Thorndike is a good Methodist. If his researches in his favorite field of study should, per impossible, elicit the fact that the Reverend John Wesley engaged in the more nauseous forms of Black Magic, would he not admit it with some reluctance? If not, he must be more or less, than human.

Mr. Thorndike complains that some of the forged documents are omitted. Is it possible that he thinks the work is not long enough with 2,400 pages? And why should the Pope have always "taken the initiative" in matters of reform? The most active governments have to depend in large measure on reports.

Next we have some sneers about Cardinal de Borgia's income, and conduct at papal elections; but nothing is proved or disproved; everything "seems" to have been so. Then come some unsolicited testimonials—"The Pope appears to have been of a forgiving and clement disposition, pardoning foes when he had them in his power, and becoming reconciled with those who had bitterly opposed him. . . . With Savanarola. . . . Alexander VI dealt on the whole rather patiently. . . ." Is not this the root of the matter? What more could one expect of a good Christian? But, according to Mr. Thorndike's historical methods, we must not believe these statements, because they are made by a Methodist, antecedently unfriendly to the Pontiffs of the renaissance.

Mr. Thorndike is unfamiliar with the Catholic doctrine and practice of prayer. To us there is nothing outré in the Cardinal's asking all comers to pray for his family. The reference in the next paragraph to the Pope's "sons or nephews" is a gratuitous piece of insolence; and the use of such phrases as "Roman Catholic" and "Roman Church" can only be ascribed to an unfamiliarity with polite usage.

Finally, Mr. Thorndike makes merry over misprints, split infinitives, and the "insertion of a preposition where none is needed." Glass houses! He does this very thing himself on page 184—"and accept as sufficiently proven what little *of* the bitterest enemies of Pope Alexander VI say in his favor." The meaningless "of" is not in Mgr. De Roo's text. In the quotation on pages 156 and 157, beginning—"It is a precious work," Mr. Thorndike has omitted the words—"imputed, without any serious proof, to Roderic de Borgia," which should come in between "etc.," and "were"—not very accurate transcription, this. And why should he worry about the lack of "indices?" It is not a text-book on algebra.

The "continental scholar," as our reviewer describes Mgr. De Roo, came to the United States twelve years before Mr. Thorndike was born. He was a missionary priest in Oregon for many years, and in 1889 obtained leave to visit Rome. He spent two whole years at the Vatican, and also visited Civita Castelldna, Nepi, Subiaco, and other places where Alexander VI had lived, and examined their municipal records. He copied every document bearing on the Pope, and read nearly 700 printed books in seven languages. He compiled thirty-one volumes of copied documents, and returned to America in 1892. On retiring from pastoral work in 1908, he devoted his whole time to the work under review.

What is the substantial merit of the book? All impartial judges are now agreed that Alexander VI was a great Pope. But what the average man wants to know is—(1) Was Alexander VI the father of Caesar and the other Borgias? (2) Was Alexander VI a notoriously evil liver?

Mgr. De Roo answers these questions as follows—(1) No; he was their grand-uncle; they were the legitimate offspring of William Raymund de Borgia, who died in 1481. (2) No; the stories circulated about him are based on forgeries, interpolations, and the falsehoods of avowed enemies.

And furthermore, Mgr. De Roo has proved his statements, in the only way such statements can be proved, by painstaking and continuous research among the only materials out of which true history can be made: the original documents.

WEMYSS BROWN.

SHAW AND BOLSHEVISM

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The trouble with Bernard Shaw's letter to "Izvestia" is that those Bolsheviks who will understand him have other ends to serve by their Bolshevism and will not be affected, while those who are Bolsheviks in essence will not understand him. Shaw makes the common mistake of talking to them as if they argued from the same premises. He has failed to grasp that they speak two languages. His letter is clever, true and utterly futile.

Of course it is true that the Marxian philosophy is antiquated and out of date. It was in fact never in date, never practical. It was always and is, pure theory and wholly unworkable. I need not go further for support of that statement than to Lenin himself in his public addresses. I reached that conclusion many years ago, in Germany, but my conclusion was academic; Lenin proved its truth completely in actual practice and admitted it.

But Shaw is as wrong as can be when he calls Russian communism in its present form ridiculous and absurd. It is no more absurd than Mrs. Belloc Lowndes "Lodger" and for the same reason. The essence of active Bolshevism is pathological, the product of industrial slums, prenatal alcoholic poisoning and disease. That is the inner kernel, wrapped about, of course, with innumerable coverings of disability, discontent, greed, abnormal ambition and common crime, mastered by most uncommon minds.

Upon one who knew the East before railways and hotels removed him from intimate contact with native life, to whom the phenomenon of diabolic possession is not a phrase nor a phantasy, who has known its unmistakable signs, there grows a suspicion that in Russia today possession exists as truly as it did in Palestine in the first thirty-three years of the Christian era and may be traceable in Bolshevist policies and ambitions, modernized perhaps, in form, but real.

W. F. S.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Madame Pompadour

THIS first production at the new Martin Beck theatre is distinctly uneven, combining many points of great excellence with several of the most obvious defects of the stereotyped musical comedy of today. It falls between two possibilities. It is neither consistently beautiful light opera nor consistently clever musical farce. At times it reflects realistically much of the dainty glamor of the days of Louis XV, but quite as often the spirit of burlesque breaks through with a most disillusionizing grin. The effect is like alternating sips of champagne and beer. On the whole, the taste of the beer prevails.

The story, or rather the slender episode, is quite what one would expect—a rather satirical treatment of the frothy morality of the French Court. With John Quinlan taking the part of the fickle country nobleman who deserts his wife to pursue the Pompadour and later returns to his wife with remarkable complacency, it is impossible to achieve much interest in the story itself. Mr. Quinlan is dull and woodeny and inclined to sing off pitch—anything but an engaging figure around which to build a plot. Miss Wilda Bennett as La Pompadour is arch and graceful and as always pleasant of voice. But she seems much more at home in the moments of burlesque than in the scenes demanding dignity and courtly refinement. Her light comedy with Florenz Ames as Calicot, the bibulous poet, is up to the best work she has ever done. But it would be more appropriate to the Music Box Review than to the settings of Versailles.

Leo Fall's music strikes a high average, much higher, in fact, than the recent fare we have been served elsewhere. But it attains this average through general excellence rather than through any one or two outstanding melodies. He has lost, one feels, many inviting opportunities to create an atmosphere of unique charm, daintiness and subtlety.

Quarantine

IT is really an unwelcome task to record that Helen Hayes is doing some very expert and winsome acting in a play that is only slightly above the moral and artistic level of a bed-room farce. Personally, I would rather be lenient with a play that was downright and frank in its appeal to grosser instincts than with one such as this that carries a misleading veneer of refinement, of beautiful stage setting, and of exceptional acting. The former kind is less insidious. A play that calls itself Getting Gertie's Garter at least makes no pretence of artistry or aesthetic justification. It would not have, like Quarantine, stage sets by Norman-Bel Geddes. Nor would it enlist the services of a lovable actress like Helen Hayes.

Quarantine gets around nearly every letter of the ethical standards by establishing the technical innocence of its situations. But that does not alter the fact that its comedy rests upon the creation of suggestive suspense, that it makes light of ideas and ideals which we still like to associate with those we really love, and that for all its smartness of dress and daintiness of approach, it manages to whisper exactly the same story of sophisticated conduct and polite contempt of ordinary decency that the bolder farces scream loudly in front of the box office. It is also worth adding that aside from the good acting, the play itself is rather stupid. Its lines occasionally relapse into the complete doldrums, notably when Mrs. Mackintosh Josephs announces that "being married to a wet blanket is nothing compared to being married to a Mackintosh." The final curtain happily falls soon after this!

The Magnolia Lady

IS there a more joyous feeling than to find in the clutter of sheer mediocrity and vulgarity known as "musical shows," a play of real charm, embroidered with refreshingly simple music, and pointed up by acting and singing with a touch of distinction? The Magnolia Lady is one of those plays. It is primarily the vehicle for Miss Ruth Chatterton's début in this form of entertainment, but it happens to be much more besides. The supporting cast is excellent, the music inoffensive at its worst and quite exquisite at its best, and the plot is almost plausible.

Of course the chief interest centers about Miss Chatterton's work. She has been accepted for several years as a most competent and gracious actress, inclined somewhat toward the languid rôles. One would hardly have suspected her hidden talent for the more sprightly task of the musical play. But that talent she has now brought definitely to light. There are many well known stars of the musical stage whose voices are far less pleasing than Miss Chatterton's, many more who would find it difficult to equal her charm in dancing, and there are very few indeed who can bring to the stage the mark of refinement which graces every moment of her acting. Personally I hope the musical play will be only an occasional diversion in Miss Chatterton's career, because her full talent is too urgently needed on the legitimate stage. But whenever she does seek this diversion, she can do so with the assurance that she is bringing equal pleasure and diversion to all, and a distinct enhancement of the prestige of musical comedy itself.

The Little Clay Cart

SOMEWHERE between the fifth and the tenth centuries A. D., a certain Hindu king by the name of Shudraka wrote (or is said to have written) a sophisticated little play, tinctured with the rather puzzling morals of that time and place, which the excellent actors of the Neighborhood Playhouse have revived this year and called The Little Clay Cart. Let me hasten to add that in telling the story of Vasantasena, the courtezan, who, as the climax to the play becomes the "lawful wedded wife" of Charudatta, the Brahman merchant, this Hindu drama has achieved a cleanliness of touch and an absence of grosser sexuality which place it far above many modern plays dealing with surfacely innocent subjects. King Shudraka (if he lived and when he lived!) had not learned the full modern necromancy of "box office appeal." His material was gross, but he at least handled it with semi-reticence.

Much of the sense one receives of artistic restraint is due to the deft stage handling of the Neighborhood Players themselves. They have sedulously avoided realism, and have substituted for it the most charmingly naive contrivances of action, stage setting and diction. When you see on one side of the stage a low fence surmounted by a canopy, and are given

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to understand that this is Vasantasena's house, and see on the other side a similar representation of Charudatta's house, and realize that many city blocks are supposed to intervene, you begin to live in quite another world of myth, symbol and illusion. You are not at all surprised to see Vasantasena and her maid circle the centre of the stage many times as they solemnly walk from one house to the other. They are traversing the city. Of course! And why not? Nor do you wonder any more when a full grown man cannot see over a two foot fence, when you know that fence is the wall of a house. It all becomes most plausible and fantastic and delicate.

Considered purely as a work of stage art, it would be difficult to surpass The Little Clay Cart. Its lines are poetic and achieve at times a rare beauty and even loftiness of sentiment. In arrangement, in color and in lightness of touch the stage settings and costumes are masterly. To this extent the Neighborhood Players have contributed something of real importance to the New York stage and deserve a generous acclaim.

But when all this is granted, and without reservation, there still remains the question whether art for its own sake is an adequate ideal for so talented an organization. Beneath all the beauty of the production, and beneath the poetry of the play itself, there runs the strong eroticism of the East. It is perhaps all the more insidious for the very restraint with which it is handled. Illicit passion is the same the world over whether encased in teakwood or Grand Rapids golden oak. And The Little Clay Cart is an exaltation of what we of the Western world would certainly call such a passion. With all the possible themes to draw from, including the finer and more spiritual aspirations of the East itself, it is rather lamentable that the Neighborhood Players could have found no better basic metal on which to lavish their expert craftsmanship.

For Your List of Plays

The Mongrel—Remarkable acting by Rudolph Schildkraut.
Quarantine—Reviewed above.
The Little Clay Cart—Reviewed above.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
Conscience—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.
Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.
The Farmer's Wife—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.
Grounds for Divorce—A sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.
Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.
The Fake—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.
The Best People—An amusing play using trite material.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
Lazybones—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BRIEFER MENTION

Ancient and Modern Illuminations.

THE interest in illuminations naturally follows the revived desire for color in fine art and the improvements in color printing processes. The spread of the romantic sense in our new literature and art has directed the taste of the cultivated back to the ancient illuminators and miniaturists whose masterpieces, long the despair of modern draftsmen, have been reposing in isolated splendor in the glass-cases of the museums and the treasure boxes of the wealthy. Today the lover of the antique, having at his disposal the improved mechanical methods of reproduction and the lively interest of the decorator, will find real delight in the exhibit of Miss Ethel V. Bachelle's Mediaeval Art Revival which is being held in Chicago.

Miss Bachelle has long been distinguished for her reproductions of the miniatures and capitals of the famous days of her art, and she has gathered together for her show at Spaulding's Ecclesiastical Art Rooms such lovely things as her treatment (original but in the style of the thirteenth century) of the 117 Psalm, Praise the Lord, the 23 Psalm, The Lord Is My Shepherd, with exquisite floral bordure; the 70 Psalm, Make Haste, O Lord, in ninth-century Celtic style.

All this is work in the right spirit: we need more positive production from these lovers of the ancient crafts and less empty enthusiasm. The introduction of their art into framed work for guest-greetings; the revival of the almost lost art of chirography in stationery, public testimonials and awards; the ornamented book plates and bookmarks, etc., point to industrial, as well as art achievements for the practical illuminator.

Bushrangers, by Charles J. Finger. New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $3.00.

HERE we have the story of Stormy Petrel Popjoy—the man who sought an epic hour; of Captain Moonlight, Soldier, Churchman and Bushranger; of Beresford of Ballarat, the gentleman from Mayfair; of Ned Kelly and Company, the gentlemen of the Strathbogie; of Andrew Lang, the man who marooned me; all of them delightful rogues, rascals and, at times, gentlemen of "the Fancy" and intelligentsia. It is a book to win the souls of young men who dream when they should be studying their lessons, and of old men drowsing beside their club firesides over volumes of the history of the buccaneers and men of the road.

At the Foot of Sinai, by Georges Clemenceau. Translated by A. V. Ende. New York: Bernard G. Richards Company. $1.50.

THESE are sketches of Jewish character, studied in the varied travels of Clemenceau in Russia, Poland and South America. The "Tiger" is seen in his fiction as the man of fact rather than imagination, but his keen eyes and incisive style give to these experiences of his a reality and interest out of the ordinary. The character of his Baron Moses is the very model of the internationalized Jew of finance and the great world of the arts—the disillusioned, dismayed personage of our material triumphs, the Croesus and Tantalus of great business, the victim of excessive money and success.

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BOOKS

Arnold Waterlow, A Life, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MORE than once, I have put down a May Sinclair novel and cursed this woman bitterly for her unspeakably irritating habit of sandwiching long harangues about half-baked and irrelevant theories between the slices of life she has elected to set before us. It is the everlasting glory of The Divine Fire, that in it, May Sinclair sedulously soft-pedalled May Sinclair. Never in that splendid novel did this strange temperament, exalted yet dolorous, become too intrusive. Its very impersonality marks it as the finest fruition of her powers and makes your deponent, among others, curious about the manuscript as it left her hand. How does it happen that a performance of such imperious excellence could be preceded and followed by novels saturated with blithe balderdash in no wise germane to her concern of the moment? I don't know. But the fact remains, and that is why no one will ever succeed in classifying May Sinclair. You can no more define the tone of her novels than you can indicate the predominating color of a crazy quilt. She is a fountain of many facets, a fountain badly in need of a plumber, for the sprays of her thought, instead of describing graceful parabolas, sometimes shoot out in unexpected directions to drench innocent by-standers. One perceives no logical progression in her work; it is uneven, choppy, often inane. Nothing that she wrote prior to her outstanding achievement will live; nothing that she has written since the publication of that glamorous book approaches its sterling merit.

In Arnold Waterlow, she has made a brave attempt to make The Divine Fire totter from its serene, high, solitary grandeur, but she has failed. In it, you will find all those felicitous phrasings of description, those sudden luminosities of subtle understanding, that deep comprehension of the surge of human passions which we have come to look for in her books, but you will also find flung prodigally over the pages, much of the peculiar wilfulness that bundles itself up under the label "May Sinclair." Assuming her old, didactic pose, she tells us that a man can love two women and that a woman can love two men at the same time, a bizarre state of affairs that is justified, we learn, because—"In marriage or out of it, it's the quality of the love felt that matters." A dainty dish, egad, but hardly one to set before the king of your nursery, for all the so penetrating knowledge of the psychology of childhood found in its early chapters. Still, though the novel is written in a "floppy" mood, if I may borrow its hero's expression to suggest "a state of singular amiability" in which one does "the most unlikely things," it has, nevertheless, a certain indubitable balance and distinction.

The case against Arnold Waterlow began three days before he was born, when his mother's favorite child died. She resented the substitution and not until he was past middle-age did she forgive him the heinous crime he committed in coming into the world. In those splendid early chapters, Miss Sinclair has unfolded that most tragic of all tales, the story of an unwelcome, unloved child, with unfailing sympathy and consummate art. We meet him at three, already vainly but patiently trying to adjust himself to the stupid, slightly abnormal personalities that compose the middle-class household in which he found himself. There are the forbidding father and the obtuse, pathologically tormented mother; there are Richard and Charlotte, his brother and sister, both insufferable, snobbish little prigs of the breed known as snitchers. Against their incontinent buffetings, he resolutely set his face, pathetically eager to make them all love him. But their ignorance stood aghast at his precocity. His theological difficulties began with the lisping of his first texts, but the mention of them brought punishment, not enlightenment. When he was four, he declared that he had seen God in the sky—and got sent to bed for his pains. So gradually, he learned to become philosophical and discreet about their lack of comprehension. His was an almost morbidly introspective boyhood. When Arnold hopefully considered the possibilities of the Godden children next door, he was forbidden to play with them lest he pick up a cockney accent. However, he did meet them later and the encounter colored the rest of his life. But for a long, dreary stretch of time, he was thrown absolutely on his own interior resources. This had the effect of strengthening his will and increasing his mysticism. It kept him otherworldly; it kept him innocent and clean.

Well, there are complex creatures like Arnold Waterlow in England. You will find them, precisely where they belong, in the Charterhouse of St. Hugh. Arnold had never heard of St. Bruno and neither, it is probable, had Miss Sinclair, so the latter set him down at the age of fourteen, when his father's death brought financial reverses to the Waterlows and all his school-boy dreams of writing a learned tome on the Greek tragedies went hang, in the office of Soper and Horne, cheese factors. But he who supposes that Arnold's education was destined to be sadly neglected thereafter, knows not May Sinclair. By then, Arnold had made friends with the neighboring Goddens and via old Godden, a free-thinker and the largest tea merchant in the city, the incorrigible Miss Sinclair pounces upon the opportunity to gorge her hero with an indigestible mess of reading, comprising everything from Keats to Kant. Rattled with a great clatter are the weary bones of whom do you suppose? Baruch Spinosa, no less. It is this poor old Jew who is made to sire many of the bright ideas that occur to Arnold when, on rejecting the Christian formularies he learned to repeat, parrot-fashion, from his mother, he endeavors to establish for himself a rule of life. He was looking for something beyond happiness; the ultimate truth was his goal.

Things began to happen which brought him to earth with a thud. Arnold falls in love with Rosalind Verney, a young cousin of the Goddens. Rosalind goes off to Leipzig to study violin. He waits for her seven years, only to find that he is seven weeks too late, when, on calling at her London flat, he discovers that, while professing to love him, she is also in love with Max Schoonhoven, a worthless pianist who lives upstairs (on her bounty). Linda and Max bolt to Paris, where they give joint concerts. Arnold, who has abandoned his cheeses and is in the tea business with Godden, holds himself in readiness to marry the elusive Linda when she returns. Schoonhoven presently deserts Linda when her father cuts off her allowance, to be kept by Mollie Dexter, a rich American woman whom he finally marries. Linda goes to the Goddens and Arnold promptly marries her, knowing that she still loves Max. When their child dies and Schoonhoven sends for her, she goes back to him. Meanwhile, Richard Waterlow, who has become a stock broker, speculates with his mother's capital and leaves her penniless. Arnold promises to make good the deficit and to keep Richard's disgrace from their mother. Richard departs for the g. o. spaces of Australia. Linda and Arnold correspond in friendly fashion and

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the former, in a fit of altruism, puts him in touch with one Effie Warren. In no time at all, they fall in love with each other and it is now Arnold's turn to revolt against conventional morality in his quest for happiness. Effie takes Linda's place in Arnold's house, with the understanding that she is to leave if Linda returns. When Arnold catches pneumonia, Effie sends for Mrs. Waterlow and Charlotte (now a sour old school-marm) and takes it upon herself to reveal to the former Richard's duplicity and Arnold's deception. It is the means of bringing them together in mutual love at last, though his mother could not condone his affair with Effie any more than Charlotte. Arnold finds it impossible to explain his theories to a woman who has forgotten and a woman who has never known, what it means to love and be loved. But, seeing him in his unwonted happiness, somehow, they understand it. Then Linda returns. An attack of neuritis has put her arm out of commission; her violin days are over and Schoonhoven has definitely discarded her. However, May Sinclair rises calmly, if somewhat lamely, to the occasion. Not content with a suicide, two cases of pneumonia, one fatal, and a more than fatal case of neuritis, she kills off poor Effie with an attack of pleurisy. Their double-barrelled tragedy over, Arnold and Linda resume their married life together, finding that "something beyond happiness" in their duty to each other. They had discovered that, as Rodin said—"No one may benefit mankind with impunity."

HUGH ALLEN.

Knights Errant and Other Poems, by Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.25.

THE critic rarely has the pleasure of saying—"Here is a new poet!" In reading Knights Errant this opportunity of hailing a really distinguished singer has come to us today. Confidently we assert that in Sister Madeleva we have a successor to Alice Meynell and Louise Imogen Guiney—a rare mystical soul full of the starry, discreet beauty that belongs by right to the Catholic feminine soul whether of Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, or our own more recent poets.

Sister Madeleva has caught the powerful feather of the pinions of Francis Thompson, the pearly breast-lights from the dovelike song of Alice Meynell, the downy flutter and lark-trill from Louise Guiney. There is besides in many of these songs in Knights Errant a personal cloistral loveliness that shines clear in For Your Birthday—

Dear, I would spread the wide earth for your table,
And light the stars for tapers, every one,
And kindle, at their dying, were I able,
The lordly sun.
And I would set a banquet for your pleasure,
Brave with brave things my soul is dreaming of,
Glad as my heart is glad, above all measure
Sweet with my love.
But through the dawn I see two candles burning
At a white board where you with Christ are fed:
Lo, how your heart is filled and all its yearning
Is comforted!

This new poet can boast of an exquisite technique, a natural human sweetness of tone, an original, chaste fancy, and a spirit of joy and hope restrained and refined in a way to cause wonder to the top-notch poetical soloists of today. There is never a straining either for close harmony or imaginative effect: it is all a lovely consoling gift, for which we raise our hands in thankfulness. Her very modern subject and treatment show all this in Autumn—

For that I dreamed the night long of my lover,
I must be clad today most radiantly.
Come, earth and air and sky;
Put all my outworn summer raiment by.
Gold I will wear
For all my golden dreams of him and fair;
And red,
The burning memory of one beauteous word he said.
Sky, earth and air,
Think you my love is come, the importunate rover?
Quick, fetch me a mist of purple for my hair,
And for my hand
A single snowflake flower,
Sign of my passing hour.
See how all beautiful I stand
Waiting—ah! who could guess—waiting for Death,
my lover.

T. W.

Athos and Its Monasteries, by F. W. Hasluck. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

A VISIT to the mountain promontory of Athos, where traces of the unfinished canal begun by Xerxes still survive among the few records of its ancient days, is surely a strange, romantic adventure into the past. In spite of the glowing legends of the coming of the Blessed Virgin whom the idols hailed aloud and bade the pagans worship as the Mother of God, the actual history of Athos does not seem to go farther back than the end of the ninth century with the development of its monastic system in the foundation of Lavra in 963 A. D. "The Rule of St. Basil," says Professor Hasluck, "which is the rule followed by the Athos monks, was not a rule in the Western sense, since it laid down only the ethical code of the monastic life; the actual rule observed was the *typikon* of the individual monastery, which, being varied, was not applicable to the whole community."

In 1272, the Emperor Michael Paleologus came in person to Lavra and received the submission of the monks who had resisted his Latinizing attempts. Later we hear of other abuses, of the church furniture pawned to Jews and the rule relaxed; but the beginning of the nineteenth century marked a great outburst of building activity interrupted by the dissensions among the monks at the time of the Turkish-Greek wars, and the subsequent depletion of the monasteries. Today Roumanians, Greeks, Russians, Bulgars and Serbs can choose among the twenty monasteries on the slopes of Athos. The General Assembly of Athos, the actual governing body, consists of the delegates of the different communities and is the final court of appeal in monastic disputes. No women are admitted to any part of the promontory and the monks devote the leisure between prayer to the manual labors of the community. The novices must be over twenty and in possession of actual beards: their novitiate is usually a period of three years, while older men may be "shorn" as monks within a shorter time. Professor Hasluck delivers an opinion generally favorable to the moral conditions on Athos. These monasteries seem to be houses of real mortification and honest prayer. The appearance and plans of these historic places are very well illustrated in Professor Hasluck's volume, which is a real contribution to a subject that has been difficult of approach to the average student of the Greek Church.

T. C.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

Reflection was the atmosphere that permeated the rather weary after-Christmas gathering in the Quiet Corner. Dr. Angelicus, slightly drowsy in an easy chair, had his feet stretched out to the crackling fire. Hereticus and Primus Criticus occupied the other side of the fireplace, while the Editor on the divan, was imitating a dead Crusader—inert pencil replacing inert sword.

"Have you studied the character of your friends at their own firesides?" asked Angelicus. "Broadly speaking they are of two classes: those who let the fires burn out and those who with prongs, stickers, pokers and tongs, lacerate and torture the dying logs—so they may burn better, these fire fiends allege—constantly spoiling the calm, placid effect of a well-behaved log on its death-bed."

"Nerves—I should say, merely nerves," speculated Hereticus, adjusting the goggles that give him that Greenwich Village distinction.

"Very likely you would say that there was laziness in those who let the fires burn black!" exclaimed Angelicus, stirring fussily, "when a knowledge of true psychology would declare it contemplative character. I never see the golden towers of Bagdad and Samarcand in any but an expiring log. It is hard, I confess, to catch the log at the proper moment of expiration."

"How little hint there is in the outward and visible manifestation of our commemoration of December 25, of the real meaning of Christmas," mused the Editor. "Out of fifty Christmas cards that came to me, but three gave any token of the birth of Christ. The rest, many beautifully decorated and engraved, were meaningless representations of fire-places, snow-covered cottages, poinsettia, holly, candles, lanterns, doorways, plum puddings, presents— and oh, the innumerable coaching parties!"

"But even if one wishes to send reproductions of the famous Nativities and Madonnas, one cannot find them," said Primus Criticus. "The artists who make the cards for the shops that hang the sign 'Christmas Cards' in their windows apparently think of Christmas only in terms of candles, poinsettias, snow-covered cottages, coaching parties, plum puddings. The sign should read 'Plum Pudding Cards.' "

"My little nephew," said Hereticus, "is just learning to lisp his prayers. We were astonished the other night to hear him say in the course of the Lord's Prayer—'Forgive us our Christmases as we forgive those who Christmas against us.' We corrected him—but now I wonder if it wasn't a good prayer after all?"

" 'And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children—the boys,'

quoted the Editor, sitting up and thrusting the pencil in its proper place. "Words—words—words, oh, for a little music! Who can sing?"

The others looked at him alarmedly.

"A most significant sign for an Editor to weary of words," said Angelicus concernedly. "What makes you long for music?"

"Well," confessed the Editor, "I was thinking of Mayor Hylan."

"Now Christmas *has* been too much for him," declared Hereticus. "Mayor Hylan?—Music?—Is it that he is suggestive of song?"

"No," said the Editor, "you misunderstand. Not that he *suggests* music, but only that I was thinking of the Mayor's first appearance before Judge McAvoy in the Transit Investigation. He brought a forty-two page statement to the hearing and wished to read it aloud. The Judge restrained him. Why? Words, words, words. Nobody wants to hear forty-two pages of words. Now the troubadours of old had the right idea. When they had a forty-two page grievance or story to relate, what did they do? They sang it, and they played it. Oh, *they* understood the gentle art of propaganda far better than our twentieth-century advertising men and politicians. Now, if Mayor Hylan had appeared before Judge McAvoy with a lute, prepared to sing his forty-two page story, I'm sure the Judge would have listened to it."

"Would you suggest a singing school for politicians?" asked Primus Criticus. Dr. Angelicus rose excitedly.

"Glorious idea—grand opera in the Senate. Tenor, Senator Borah—

'The greatest of modern sen—sa————tions—
Is the state of our foreign re—la————tions,'

he warbled hoarsely.

"No, no—I take it all back.—They'd better just talk," said the Editor with a sigh. "The troubadours were one thing, but, with or without tonsils, our men in public life are another."

"I've been told my voice has wonderful possibilities," said Angelicus, ignoring the Editor's last remark. "I thought once of becoming a singer. I wonder what sort of a singing-politician I would make under the Editor's scheme of things."

"Here—if you are musical, try this," said Hereticus, sceptically, shoving a piece of music into the Doctor's hands. "It is my favorite aria from Faust. I'll give you $5.00 if you can begin it."

Dr. Angelicus, somewhat flattered, somewhat embarrassed, seized the music and clearing his throat, began—only to be interrupted quickly by the Editor—

"I'll give you $10.00 if you'll stop it," said he.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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